

CHRISTIAN HERALD

MAY ★ 1940 ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★



PEAKING AS AN AMERICAN

Pearl Buck

I Were Back Again, *Charles M. Shel*

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REFUGEE AND PROTECTION

The girls have arrived safely and we catch them with our camera as they line up for the march into the hills where they will be safe from war and its accompanying horrors.

Merlin Bishop is vaccinating the boys against cholera which has been raging through Foochow. They too are safely hidden in the back country.

Join the Army that SAVES LIVES

WITH bombing planes soaring overhead and bombs bursting far too closely by, life in your Mission in China has become increasingly difficult; responsibility for the lives of 400 orphan children has taken on the additional task of protecting them against one more powerful enemy: war with all its staff of faithful followers, disease, rape and famine. With the coast lined and blockaded it requires skill beyond human imagination to get medicines, food and other necessities into Foochow. Every attempt to run the blockade means almost certain death.

Moving the children up into the hills away from the city has given them certain protections but has increased the task of keeping them well fed, clothed and cared for—your workers are finding life difficult but every missionary must have some spirit of adventure or he would not take on the task of carrying His banner into strange fields. Being one of the soldiers in His Army where a man can give life instead of take it is inspiration that makes for courage and strength to the extent of performing miracles.

In these days of economic stress it takes courage and foresight to use money—to spend and give instead of hoard. If men have the courage to face death so that others may live what excuse have we not to support them. Our workers in China need everything you can give them: your prayers, your hopes and your contributions.

The Mission's Industrial Plant has continued to operate in the town of Foochow because to desert the plant means casting out the young men and women who depend on it for



their living. Somehow they manage to get enough work to keep them from starvation—somehow the bombs have missed them. With Merlin Bishop as their inspiration and source of production they carry on their fight to help support the Mission's work. **3¢ saves a child from starvation for it buys food for a day.** Join the army that saves lives by giving as much as you can—the more you give the more we can do for refugee children—the better we can feed and care for the four hundred children in Christian Herald's Orphanage. By China Clipper and through the American Board of Foreign Missions we are able to send to China all the money you can give. Dare to give so that our workers do not sacrifice in vain—for without you they are lost—little children starve.

CHRISTIAN HERALD MISSIONS IN CHINA
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An Exposé of the Power of Propaganda

By Fletcher Dobyns

● WHO put over prohibition repeal? WHY was it done.
HOW was Repeal Propaganda organized?

This startling book reveals for the first time the shocking methods by which a small group of powerful and wealthy men, for selfish and financial reasons, set out deliberately to overthrow a great national moral achievement. A revolting but fascinating, unbelievable but true, story.

Reveals Vicious Wet Propaganda

Every statement made by the author, a nationally known lawyer and student of propaganda, is backed by unimpeachable, sworn testimony, drawn in large part from the records of a long ignored (by a sympathetic wet press) but highly important U.S. Senate Investigating Committee.

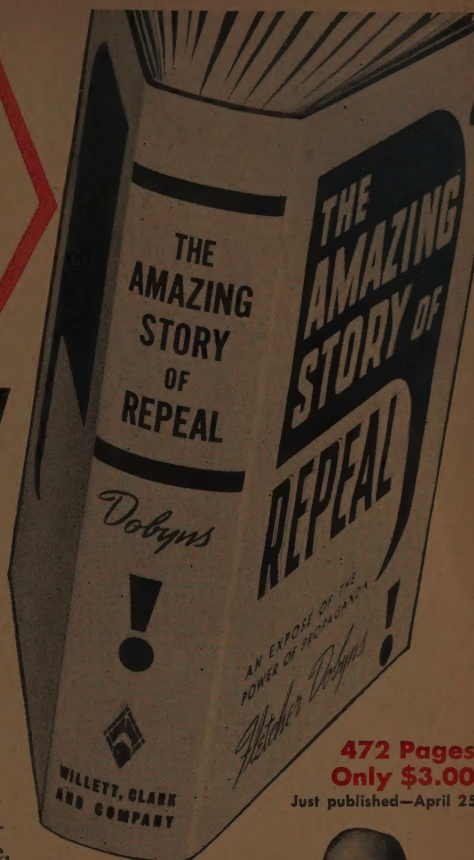
**Rich In Sermon
Material for Temperance
Sunday,
May 21.**

Indeed a whole series of effective sermons not only on temperance but also on the power and danger of propaganda can be drawn from this book. Speakers before Women's Clubs, Forums, Rotary, etc., will find it an invaluable source book—pertinent, thought-provoking, dynamic.

The repercussions of this book will rock high places. There is dynamite in it. It is destined to be the Bible of the rapidly growing new movement against the liquor traffic. Teachers, parents, service organizations, women's clubs—all will acclaim it. Order your copy today.

Mr. Dobyns spent upward of ten years studying the record of prohibition repeal, and accumulating this damning evidence. He shows, step by step, how these millionaire industrialists and social leaders organized and conducted the powerful propaganda movement which resulted in the repeal of the 18th Amendment, resorting to every method of deception, coercion, and distortion that professional propagandists could devise and unlimited cash could buy.

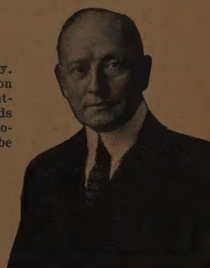
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FLETCHER DOBYNS—Lawyer, born in Ohio, Harvard, 1898; Member Dent, Dobyns & Freeman, Chicago; Ass't State's Attorney, 1908-1906; Spec. Ass't, Dist. Attorney, 1907-1909; Spec. Ass't U.S. Attorney General, 1911, 1921, 1925, 1926. Author of Underworld of American Politics, 1922. Home, Pasadena, Calif.

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- 8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. International news broadcasts, through Sat.—CBS.
9:45 A.M. The Gospel Singer. Edward MacHugh in songs of every faith—RED.
11:15 A.M. Young Dr. Malone. A young man's devotion to a life of medical service—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. Light of the World. Dramatizations of the Bible in modern prose—RED.
2:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell, songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
5:15 P.M. Irene Wicker, musical stories (Mon. through Thurs.)—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong, all American boy serial—RED.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.
8:55 P.M. Elmer Davis, news analyst—CBS.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. Summary of European affairs from London, Paris, Berlin—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Services conducted by representatives of major faiths—CBS.
10:30 A.M. Southernaires. Spirituals and devotional service—BLUE.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Program in music education among high school students—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:00 noon The Story of All of Us. World history dramatized for children—RED.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Vocational guidance program—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle. World famous choir singing religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry. Honoring American poets—BLUE.
1:30 P.M. Democracy in Action. Description of the workings of American government—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Great Plays. Tracing history of theater from ancient Greece to modern Broadway—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions. Noted educators discuss current problems—RED.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. Pursuit of Happiness. Dedicated to brighter side of American scene—CBS.
7:00 P.M. International news broadcast from London, Paris, Berlin and Washington—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Fisk Jubilee Choir—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatization of family life—RED.
8:30 P.M. So You Think You Know Music. A music quiz—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Ford Summer Hour. Detroit Symphony Orchestra with guest soloist—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. Haenschen Concert Orchestra—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cherlio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life. Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, under direction of Joe Emerson—RED.
4:00 P.M. Guggenheim Conservatory of Music and Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
7:15 P.M. Youth in the Tolls. Dramatizations of juvenile crime problems—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra—RED.
9:00 P.M. Dr. F. Q. Studio audience participation show—RED.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestra and soloists—RED.
11:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. The Church Builds for Tomorrow. Dr. Earl Adams—RED.
1:30 P.M. Nature Sketches. Informal wayside chats on natural wonders by Raymond Gregg—RED.
2:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Contributions which women have made to American culture—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
4:15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Reviews of current books—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations on the history of our country—BLUE.

10:15 P.M. Americans at Work. Authentic accounts of American industrial life—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Devotional program. Speaker unannounced—Lowell Patton at organ—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music For Young Listeners. Music appreciation series for the very young—BLUE.
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History. Dramatizations of historic orations, alternate Weds.—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Highways to Health. Dr. Jago Galdston in charge—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Luther-Layman singers. Anthology of American song—RED.
10:30 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
11:15 P.M. The Next Step Forward. Dramatization of pressing economic problems—RED.

THURSDAYS

- 12:15 P.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. The Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
2:00 P.M. How Do You Know. General science program—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, with Joe Emerson—RED.
4:30 P.M. Medicine in the News. Dramatizations of the latest discoveries in medicine—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Musical Americana. Musical program featuring cross-section of best available material—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, Jose Iturbi, conducting—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Unusual radio dramas—CBS.

FRIDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. At Home in the World. Dr. Leslie Bates Moss—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Lesson in Astronomy—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Yesterday's Children. Favorite stories of childhood dramatized—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano—RED.
8:00 P.M. This Amazing America. Quiz program on the country—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Censor Saerchinger—RED.
10:45 P.M. Human Nature in Action. Explaining why we behave as we do—RED.
11:30 P.M. U. S. Antarctic Expedition Salute. Program linking Byrd's expedition with civilization, alternate Fridays—RED.

SATURDAYS

- 10:45 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
12:00 noon American Educational Forum. Discussing educational techniques—BLUE.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to nation's philatelists—RED.
4:00 P.M. Bull Session. College students discuss current problems—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Human Adventure. Dramatizations of important work being done in research—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Which Way to Lasting Peace? Participated in by leading authorities—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
6:45 P.M. International News Broadcast—CBS.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform. Lyman Bryson—CBS.
7:00 P.M. Art For Your Sake. Discussion of the best in art—RED.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

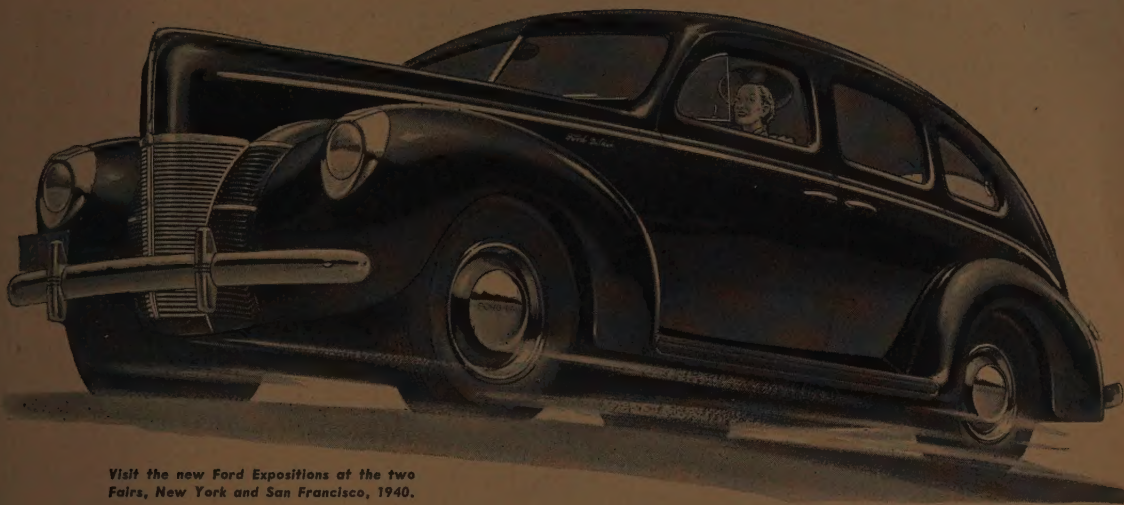
MOST discussed radio program in the last month has been NBC's new commercially sponsored "Light of the World" series, which dramatically translates the Bible into modern prose. Sticking to the Old Testament, the stories of Adam and Eve, and Noah's Ark already have been enacted under the able supervision of Presbyterian Dr. James H. Moffatt, one of the world's leading Biblical authorities. Although the dialogue is 20th Century language, no slang is allowed in the scripts and whenever possible, Bible phrases are used verbatim. Notwithstanding the careful supervision exercised by Moffatt and representatives of the Catholic and Jewish faiths for authenticity, good taste and authoritativeness in production, the series has called forth some unfair criticism and condemnation. There is nothing irreverent about the dramatizations. They treat the Bible as an engrossing historical and human tale and as Dr. Moffatt says: "The more the Bible is human, the more its divinity is evidenced." (Daily, Mon. through Fri., 2:00 p.m., EDT, NBC-Red)

THE natural wonders of Rocky Mountain National Park, paradise of forest and wild life, high in the Colorado Rockies, are being described by Raymond Gregg, noted nature teacher, during a series of informal wayside chats. Gregg roves through the park carrying upon his back a shortwave pack transmitter. (Tuesdays, 1:30 p.m., EDT, NBC-Red)

RELIGIOUS programs are entering spring and summer schedules at the two major broadcasting companies. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm, pastor of Community Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., will return to the air in May, conducting his Sunday series "Highlights of the Bible." On May 26, CBS will present the new Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., who will be elected around that time in Philadelphia, as guest speaker on the "Church of the Air."

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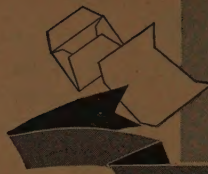
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By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S APPOINTMENT

What do you think of the attack made by Bishop Manning, of New York, on the appointment of Bertrand Russell to teach in the department of philosophy at City College, New York City?

I STAND with Bishop Manning. Bertrand Russell is entitled to his ideas and to the privilege of expressing them in public speech and public writings, as he has again and again expressed himself. But the American public are entitled to a proper regard on the part of our educational authorities for the American way of life, for American religious ideals and for the training of American youth.

Bishop Manning has cited passages from Mr. Russell's writing as follows:

"In teaching my own children, I shall try to prevent them from learning a moral code which I regard as harmful. . . I shall not teach that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way desirable, or that a permanent marriage should exclude temporary episodes."

"Outside human desires there is no moral standard."

"God and immortality. . . find no support in science."

"In the absence of children, sexual relations are a purely private matter which does not concern either the state or the neighbors."

"The peculiar importance attached, at the present, to adultery is quite irrational."

Any man who so believes and so teaches, however brilliant his mind—and with utmost regard for his personal rights—has absolutely no business on the teaching staff of any institution responsible for the educating of young Americans.

(This appointment has since been or dered revoked by the courts. Ed.)

THE AMERICAN YOUTH CONGRESS

What is your attitude toward the Youth Congress which has been meeting in Washington, which was addressed by Mrs. Roosevelt, and over which there is so much discussion and difference of opinion?

TWO years ago, representatives of the International Society of Christian Endeavor went as observers to the Vassar

Conference of this organization and to another similar conference of the same group. These observers, who were competent young men, discovered what they believed to be Communist and subversive alien influences in the Conference. They reached the conclusion that these influences were of such a character and so powerful that the Conference itself—though the majority of the members were thoroughly fine and representative young people—would be misunderstood, compromised, and its influence for worthy projects destroyed. As the result of the report of these observers, the Christian Endeavor movement, through its trustees and officers, declined to have any part in the Conference. This action of the Christian Endeavor Society voices my personal conviction.

AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

What is your opinion of the death penalty for murder passed upon the young Philadelphia mother who murdered her child?

I HAVE come gradually to be opposed in principle and as a Christian to the death penalty. I believe that the overwhelming majority of the American people would favor the abolition of the death penalty if they could be assured that murderers would not be released upon the community after serving a portion of their sentence.

INDIAN POPULATION GROWING

Do you have any statistics concerning the growth of the Indian population in the United States?

THE Commissioner of Indian affairs, in his latest report, tells us that there are now 337,366 Indians in the United States as compared with 846,000 when the white man first came to this country. This last figure is of course only a more or less scientific guess. Today, the Indian birth rate is 22.3 per cent per 1,000. This is among the highest of any population group of the country. The death rate is 13.7 per cent. In fifty years the Navajo population has increased from less than 10,000 to more than 50,000—the Navajos being our largest tribe.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

"ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

Do you agree with what Mr. Courier has said in the February Christian Herald about the song "Onward Christian Soldiers"? If you do not agree, why, as editor-in-chief, do you allow such an attack to appear in Christian Herald?

I DO not agree with what Mr. Courier has said about that great hymn. I think that his criticism is superficial. That is my personal opinion. But I am glad to be editor-in-chief of a publication that presents more than my personal viewpoint on many matters. In the masthead at the top of our editorial page are the great principles for which we stand. We allow no violation of these principles in these columns anywhere, but within these principles we do offer an open field for discussion and the presentation of ideas.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

What do you know about the signers of the Oxford Oath in England? Is it true that three million people, mostly young people, signed this declaration not to participate in any war or to support the government should war be declared?

I DO not know the exact condition. It is of course apparent that if any such number as three million signed such a declaration, the overwhelming majority have repudiated it. It was, in my opinion at the time, unwise and unjustified. Always I have opposed the circulation of such a declaration among young people.

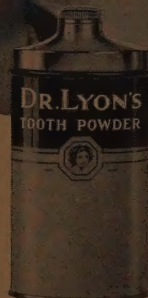
As to what has happened with conscientious objectors in England, the result to date is vastly reassuring. The conscientious objector must appear before a tribunal which is non-military. Up to December 23rd last, out of 4,781 who have appeared, 692 were given total exemption; 2,151 conditional; 1,107 were registered for non-combatant service; and only 831 were adjudged not to have established their claim.

This is a remarkable advance over the attitude of the British government during the former war. What the result would have been had these conscientious objectors been judged in Germany or Russia is tragic to contemplate.

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MAY 1940



Do As Your Dentist Does— USE POWDER

NOTHING else cleans and polishes teeth more quickly and leaves them more naturally white—than POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, almost always uses powder.

All Cleansing Properties

As it is only the powder part of most dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that is all powder just naturally cleans effectively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years many dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's because normal teeth simply cannot remain dull and dingy looking when it is used.

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Dr. Lyon's cleans and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling with natural brightness. It leaves your teeth feeling

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special dental powder developed for HOME USE by a distinguished practicing dentist. Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the tooth enamel as years of constant use have shown. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is an effective antacid.

Costs Less to Use

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News Digest of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES: In the New York primary election, April 2, the expected happened; in Wisconsin, though, it was the unexpected which took everybody by surprise. Both President Roosevelt and District Attorney Dewey had been conceded a practically solid delegation from their home state—and they got it. In Wisconsin, however, while Mr. Roosevelt's defeat of the Garner ticket had been discounted in advance, the race between Dewey and Senator Vandenberg for delegates to the Republican convention was expected to be close. But when the smoke cleared away, the aggressive New Yorker had snowed the more experienced Senator under by nearly two to one. The result is expected to give great impetus to Senator Taft's campaign, as the man most likely to "stop Dewey"—if he can be stopped. Meanwhile the President, like Brer Rabbit, still "aint sayin' nothin'", but keeps on "layin' low."

Later: The expected also happened in Nebraska and Illinois. Roosevelt and Dewey swept both primaries.

WASHINGTON: Why should we write on the candidates for President this month? It would be love's (?) labor lost, with June and the nominating conventions so close. Today a Washington correspondent told me to put my money (which I will *not*) on Hull and Farley for the Democrats, Vandenberg and Dewey for the Old Guard. We're not interested in the betting angle; but keep a sharp eye on these four; they look good.

Presidential nominations gave over the Washington spotlight to the FBI this month. Much in the news is FBI's Hoover, who is accused of spreading an OGPU net over the country. His boss (Robert Jackson) laughs at that, but perhaps by way of appeasement he has forbidden Mr. Hoover to tap any more wires, for any purpose whatever, in the future. And just to top it off the Senate has voted a fund of \$15,000 for an official investigation of FBI.

Wire-tapping is but one of the stimuli of the investigation. Real reason in the tremendous power held by Mr. Hoover, power that has raised the OGPU specter. Also the fact that Hoover's 1,000 agents all over the country have been "over-zealous" in investigations and arrests. That over-zealousness has brought down criticism from local and state police bodies long since. But friends of Hoover and FBI remind us that they deal with

desperate men who call for desperate measures. Certainly FBI has done an amazing job in proving that crime doesn't pay. Again, too much power is *always* a dangerous thing.

Finances figure here, too. Appropriations for FBI have more than tripled: they were \$2,800,000 in 1933; \$9,100,000 is asked for next year.

WELLES: Before we leave Washington, let us report that Mr. Sumner Welles has dumped his information on the President's desk and gone off on a little vacation. He needs it. Mr. Welles, whatever his information, knocked his head against a stone wall in Europe. The peace dove found no comfortable roost on his willing shoulder, and his trip reminds the President, among other things, not only that peace is not possible right now, but that it is quite possible for an American diplomat to be made good use of by dictators and experienced European diplomats.

We think there will be no such trip again, for a long, long time. We'll tend to our knitting.

GOLDEN BOY: Mr. James Cromwell, the "Golden Boy" with the magic touch for money, has stubbed his diplomatic toe in Canada. He made a speech that all Canadians called a good speech; they like Jimmy Cromwell up there. But good speech or not, it was no speech for a diplomat to make, and Mr. Hull has told him so in no uncertain words.

What that speech will do to the Golden Boy's political future is problematical: He is in line for the nomination for U. S. Senator from New Jersey; he looks golden, in spite of the Ottawa speech, to Mr. Hague of Jersey City, who makes and breaks in Jersey politics. Mr. Hague still says Cromwell will run, so he probably will. The Jersey voters can like it or lump it, but he is Mr. Hague's man, and that's that.

Sometimes we have our doubts about the way democracy is offered its candidates for high office.

POWER: Rural electrification has long been a problem to the farmer and a football for the politicians. Farms out of reach of private utilities have asked for power and received stony promises, for years. Now into the breach steps REA (Rural Electrification Administration), a government agency.

REA to date has financed close to 200,000 miles of rural power lines, maintaining a daily average of 422 miles. Loans (on which no defaults have been reported!) have been made to farmer co-operatives and private utilities. Average loan has been \$384,000; total disbursed is \$215,887,931. The money is lent, not given; the government expects repayment. Since 1935 this plan has increased the number of farms receiving power-line service from ten per cent to more than twenty-two per cent of the U. S. total.

There are certain new and deeply important aspects to REA. It is a non-profit scheme, operated at lowest cost to the consumer; there are no big salaries to pay, no meter readers or bill collectors (the consumers actually read their own meters and pay their own bills!). That's new. It is condemned severely by many a private utility man, but the farmers like it.

SAFE: We used to laugh at the air-minded men of yesteryear who claimed that the time would come when we'd be "safer flying in the air than in automobiles on the ground." That sounded fantastic—but they have the laugh on us now.

On March 26th last, the air-transport industry in the U. S. completed an entire year without a fatal accident to either an employee or a passenger. Some two million passengers were flown some eighty-seven million miles (814,000,000 passenger-miles) in this year, the best in American aviation history. Just in case you doubt this, let us remind you that the last serious domestic air-line accident was on March 26, 1939, at Oklahoma City, when seven passengers and the liner hostess were killed.

The reasons for this? Increased ground-aids, radio beams, weather reporting, better planes and flight instruments and closer cooperation between the CAA and the air lines.

OKLAHOMA: The fight over the Grand River hydro-electric project in north-eastern Oklahoma is at an impasse as we write. Governor Leon C. Phillips has called out his National Guard to halt completion of the big dam (a favorite project of the House majority leader, Sam Rayburn, and therefore tied in with politics), and he has been answered by a Federal Court order restraining him

from further interference with state troops or courts. Both the Governor and the Representative have fighting jaws.

What's involved here, says Governor Phillips, is the old question of States' Rights; he claims the State of Oklahoma is not being adequately recompensed for damage to bridges and highways; his foes accuse him of attempting to set himself up as a dictator and of protecting the private power interests. The fight has been complicated by the discovery of oil on land in the Washita Valley, inundated by the dam waters. Oil men, however, disagree with the Governor; they say it is quite possible to drill through water for oil: it has been done in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere.

If you want to earn a million dollars quick, find the solution for this business of State's Rights.

MR. TAYLOR: Far from dying down, the criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's appointment of Myroff Taylor as "personal representative" to the Vatican seems to be increasing. What Mr. Taylor is getting done in Rome remains a secret; but the daily press over here is full of arguments pro and con over his status.

There is some evidence that not all the Protestant Churches are opposed to the appointment; some others want the situation "clarified," some others oppose it unconditionally, as a bad precedent. Mr. Secretary Hull's attempt to explain that Mr. Taylor draws no expense money or salary from the government has backfired; the church critics are now ready to charge the President with violating a national law which forbids any officer of the government to accept voluntary, uncompensated services of any person in an official capacity.

Let's hope the thing will be settled on the ground of principle and not of legal technicality. The whole storm would be gone with the wind, in a hurry, were Mr. Taylor to find that he has done all he could, and come home. What, by the way, can he do?

LOUISIANA: Ye editor is in receipt of a letter calling him to task for his item on Huey Long, last month. Huey, says the writer, is still popular though dead, and the newly-elected regime won't last more than a year.

Maybe so. I bow to the first-hand information of a man on the ground. But one news weekly on my desk (dated yesterday) shows a picture of the erecting of a statue of Huey at Baton Rouge. Some of the data run with the picture interests us:

Height of statue, 14 feet; cost of statue (provided by the Long regime before the elections) \$50,000; amount raised by popular subscription, \$75.

MURDER, CHEAP: The amazing revelations on murder in Brooklyn have startled not only New York but the entire country. Little as some of us thought of the gangster-hoodlum, we did not dream that he plied his grisly trade so brazenly and for such slight gain: they killed men on order for one dollar up!

In that, and in the fact that so far Mr. William O'Dwyer, Brooklyn District Attorney, has been unable to find any hook-up between the politicians and the

gangsters, lies the main interest in the case. Such higher-up contacts as helped Lucky Luciano and Dutch Schultz are apparently lacking; this looks like a plain piece of hoodlumism, but you never can tell. The only politics to be seen anywhere in the picture—and there is nothing shameful about this—is that Mr. O'Dwyer, long before this case broke, was being mentioned in high political circles as the Democratic candidate for next year's mayoralty election. The hoodlums may do for him what Luciano did for Mr. Dewey: start him on the high road to political fame.

ABROAD

REAL WAR AT LAST: On April 9th, with the startling suddenness which has characterized Hitler's other moves, the whole world was thrown into consternation by the news that he had seized Denmark, and successfully invaded Norway. Denmark seems to have acquiesced without a real struggle—perhaps remembering Finland's fate. As this is written, Norway is putting up a somewhat stiffer fight; but Oslo, Trondheim, even the new temporary capital, Hamar, have been taken by the invading Nazis. There has been a naval battle, still continuing as of today, with losses on both sides. No one knows the outcome.

The immediate consequences of this latest coup will inevitably be very grave and far-reaching. All of Scandinavia apparently will now fall into the Nazi sphere of influence. The very large and important exports from the three northern countries will now go chiefly to Germany, instead of to England. The iron ore of Sweden will be Germany's, as will the molybdenum from the great Norwegian mines. Fully as important, the butter, egg, and dairy production of Denmark will be cut off from England, and Germany will get them.

All this is predicated upon the supposition that the Allies will not be able to dislodge Germany from her new seizures. They may be able to do so. But with the

war costing the three leading combatants \$90,000,000 a day, we wonder how long they will be able to keep it up?

A DIFFERENT STORY: We are leaving the preceding item just as we wrote it, for it illustrates the lightning quickness with which war news becomes out of date. On April 9th it seemed as if Germany would be able to overrun Scandinavia without very great difficulty. But on April 10th and part of the 11th, the Allied navy sprang into action, and in a twinkling changed the whole aspect of things. They attacked Nazi vessels all along a thousand miles of Norway's western coast, and apparently sank a number of them—from eighteen or twenty on up—it is not known yet just how many. The British also assert that they forced their way through Skagerrak, the strait which separates Norway from Denmark, sank several more Nazi warships, transports and convoys, penetrated Oslo Fjord, and demanded that the Nazis who had occupied that capital should surrender "or else."

Dispatches from Berlin deny nearly all of this: they assert even that there has been no major engagement between their navy and Britain's, or that there has been any serious trouble in Skagerrak. "Our transports continued crossing Skagerrak unmolested until the Norwegian situation was completely under control."

So you can take your choice. But it seems certain that there were heavy sea and air battles, and that the Nazis have suffered a severe blow.

Meanwhile Hitler still holds Denmark, and his forces are still in Norway. Whether they can stay there is another question.

RUSSIA: With Finland in his bag, Russian Premier Molotoff has just made a speech explaining Russia's foreign policy. In it he declared that Russia wanted no part in the European war; that Russia wanted to stay "strictly neutral!" And in it, he said nothing about joining the Rome-Berlin Axis. Following the Brenner Pass conference, that means something.

MOTHER IS STILL THE SAFEST SKIPPER TO STEER THIS VESSEL



PREACHERS' PELLETS

The solution of the religious problem in Germany lies in the growth of strong free churches, which do not receive anything from the state, which ask nothing of the state in return.—Bishop F. H. Otto Melle.

There can be no complete church until the talents of women are more fully utilized alongside those of men.—Dr. Georgia E. Harkness.

Religion has absolutely nothing in common with the materialistic pragmatist, who, having a merely mechanistic conception of life, thinks that nothing else matters if the family in the home is kept from being cold and hungry.—Robert D. Douglas.

The need of the world today is not so much for more Christians, but for better Christians, for Christians that are filled with the Spirit.—Dr. M. A. Cooper.

If men are to be free from earthly dictators, they must know in the depths of their souls that there is a divine will above all human wills and that in the final choice they "must obey God rather than men."—Samuel McCrea Cavert.

Remember, victory in the long run is never with the crucifiers.—Henry Sloane Coffin.

In it he put a rabbit punch on Italy's neck: "Nor was Italy behind hand in the efforts to fan the war in Finland, to which, for instance, she dispatched fifty military planes." And this for the Allies: Molotoff said the British and French were playing with fire in mobilizing in the Near East; Russia would react to any infringement of her interests there. Rumania would not be invaded; the relations of the USSR and the U.S.A. were no better, no worse than ever, except for a moral embargo in Washington.

There was nothing in any of it to encourage Mr. Hitler. And there was nothing in any of it that anyone except the Russians really believed. What Russia says now means nothing; what Russia has done in Finland speaks louder than ten million words.

OIL: Thirty oil barges floated up the Danube this month; they are the first to float that way (toward Germany) since the river froze over in December. They carried an insignificant 18,000 tons of lubricant, but inasmuch as they are the forerunner of the 1,200,000 tons promised Germany this year from Rumania, they are of more than passing interest.

This is one of the leaks we hinted at in a previous paragraph. The Allies can't stop this flow of oil into the beleaguered Reich. Nor can they halt the flow of barges and tugs from Russia over the

Dnieper-Bug inland waterways system, over which Germany may get as much as another 300,000 tons within a year's time. Estonia can send another 100,000 tons; at home, Germany can extract some 2,000,000 tons of oil from coal and lignite, 1,200,000 tons from German, Austrian and Polish crude materials, and perhaps 500,000 tons more from Nazi alcohol and benzol.

But after all, food may be more important in cracking the Reich than oil. A half-starved nation is a nation half defeated.

OTTAWA: Relieved, Canada turned this month from the last echoes of a political campaign which all good Canadians considered a waste of time and energy to the winning of the war. Mr. Mackenzie King has been swept back into power stronger than ever after a campaign that disgusted Canada with its mudslinging and personal abuse, with a mandate that is clear and sharp. His countrymen demand just one thing of Mr. King: that he and his government get down to the business of finishing off Mr. Hitler. Mr. King is busy at that, already. Factories and shipyards and munitions plants are working day and night; a Second Canadian Division is ready to go overseas and a separate Ministry of Supplies is concentrating 100 per cent on the problem of getting the impedimenta of war to Mother England.

Canada is certainly loyal. The few moderates who were not 100 per cent for the war were snowed under in this election. The "stop-the-war" isolationists got nowhere.

As we go to press news comes of the appointment of the Earl of Athlone as Governor General of Canada. The Earl is sixty-six years old, is an uncle of King George and a brother of Queen Mary, and has a distinguished record as soldier and statesman. In 1914 he was appointed to this same position, but the outbreak of the World War caused the appointment to be withdrawn. He has also served as Governor General of South Africa. He will arrive in Canada in June.

BRITAIN'S NEW WAR BOSS: On April 3 came the news from England that Winston Churchill has been given greatly increased power and authority in the conduct of his country's part in the War. He retains his post as First Lord of the Admiralty, but takes over most of the work of the (re-signed) Minister for Coordination of Defense, and practically receives the chief responsibility for the manner in which the War is hereafter conducted. A greatly increased energy and aggressiveness is expected, in most quarters, to be the result, for Mr. Churchill is a "go-getter."

We Americans like to believe that his aggressiveness is partly due to the fact that he is half "Yankee" himself, his mother having been an American.

PUPPET REGIME: A new Chinese National Government has been proclaimed in Nanking. There's a bitter irony in that, for this puppet regime, tied tight to Japanese strings, is set up in the very city where Sun Yat-sen lies buried, where unoffending and defenseless Chinese by the thousand were massacred two years back by the Japanese, and the

"President" is Mr. Wang Ching-wei, once a follower of the glorious Dr. Sun.

Mr. Hull, speaking for the United States, has refused to recognize the regime, but that brought surprise to nobody. Not until the last card is played and lost against Japan will the democratic West recognize Wang; too much is at stake. The Japanese who dominate him are in control of the huge central portion of China, the home of millions of Chinese, the very heart of Chinese commerce and industry; they control the Yangtze all the way from the coast to Nanking, all railroads and seaports in this highly important area. They will control it just so long as Japanese bayonets are numerous enough to protect the unenviable Mr. Wang.

That, we think, will not be long. Already an "Assassination Fund" is being raised by popular subscription among the Chinese to send Mr. Wang to join his ancestors; the fund will be given to the families of the men who will probably be captured after they have disposed of the puppet President. These Chinese! They don't even seem discouraged, let alone beaten.

FRANCE: A little dapper man who once went to a Republican rally in Madison Square Garden and was mistaken there for Jimmy Walker is now Premier of France. He is Paul Reynaud, five feet five inches high, lawyer, lone wolf, shrewd economist and perhaps the most bitter anti-Nazi in France. He will likely demand action on everything and everyone except the Russians. Why is that?

One answer to that question is the internal Communist problem in France. She hesitates to antagonize the Big Bear because she has so many Soviet sympathizers within her own borders.



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MARJORIE HOPE NICOLSON, DEAN OF SMITH COLLEGE, THE ONLY WOMAN EVER CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF PHI BETA KAPPA

What she says:

"In a college which has its own dormitories, I see no excuse for sororities. They result in cliques and class distinctions, that have no place in an institution preparing its students for life in a democracy."

CHURCH NEWS

A CORRECTION: We have received the following communication from Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, of the Methodist Church: "An item in your column entitled 'Church News' has been brought to my attention. The last paragraph reads: 'Speaking in Syracuse, the Bishop (Oxnam) urged the use of time cards by ministers, to be distributed by district superintendents and punched by the minister when he entered his study, left for lunch, or started calling on his parish, etc.'"

"I made no such statement. I did see newspaper reports to the effect that Bishop Bromfield had made a statement to this effect in St. Louis. If there is anything I am fundamentally opposed to, it is an attempt to regiment our preachers. Inaccurate statements of this kind are apt to be far-reaching, and are certainly unfortunate."

We fully agree and hasten to publish this correction.

BAPTISTS: The Baptist Ministers' Conference of Boston has just said something we have waited to hear someone say for quite a while. It has to do with the "Christian Front," which the Beantown preachers denounce as "fostering evil propaganda," and of which they go on to say: "In view of the reports that the so-called Christian Front is strenuously endeavoring to increase its forces by inviting Protestants into its membership, we are compelled to warn Protestant people against such invitations and overtures." Amen! We'd like to know, incidentally, where these false-front evil propaganda organizations get the right to use the name "Christian." They are just about as Christian as a mosque.

Down on the Southern Baptist front, plans are under way for a more widespread use of radio by Baptists. The Radio Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention has appointed radio committees in fifteen of the nineteen states and plans are being formed for a south-wide broadcast of the coming Convention in Baltimore. It is a good step: the Church hasn't begun to realize the value of the air waves in religious work.

MEN, LADIES: From Kansas City comes word that a revised catechism is being prepared for use in Roman Catholic parochial schools. We mention it because of one item: in the revision, Eve is exonerated of all blame for what occurred in Eden, and Adam is forced to shoulder it all. For years they've shared the blame; now it's the man alone who pays. Only another instance, perhaps, of the rise of women's rights in the Church. Still, being a man, your editor can't help wondering whether Adam ever would have touched the apple if Eve hadn't been there.

Just by way of balance read this: a columnist on the *Philadelphia Inquirer* has just taken a survey to find out whether women prefer men or women in the pulpit. He finds legal, clerical and educational opinion agreeing that the ladies want masculinity in the pulpit; he says few women occupy pulpits because if they did women churchgoers would "take a walk."

That makes us males feel better.



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NEW YORK SUPREME COURT JUSTICE JOHN E. MCGEEHAN, WHO ORDERED REVOKED THE APPOINTMENT OF BERTRAND RUSSELL TO A PROFESSORSHIP IN CITY COLLEGE

What he says:

"After reading four of his (Russell's) books, I have decided that his appointment was an insult to the people of this city, and was, in effect, an attempt to establish a 'Chair of Indecency' in City College."

METHODISTS: We didn't know whether to put this item under "Methodists" or under the last paragraph: A resolution calling for full clergy rights for women was adopted in New Orleans by the 30th session of the Woman's Missionary Council of the Methodist Church, South, last month. The Methodist ladies have asked for it before, but it has never quite materialized. It will probably be some years before they get it, but get it they probably shall, for they always have the last word, everywhere.

The Annual Conference of the Philadelphia Methodist Conference has just sung its last "Amen" as we go to press. Among its most interesting actions were: a call for a reinstatement of the ban on dancing and games of chance, a condemnation of the trend toward younger pastors by the churches of the area, a plea for religious education in the public schools, and a statement by Dr. Nathaniel P. Forsythe that decline in Methodist Sunday School attendance is due to the dullness of programs. He predicted that if the decline went on at its present rate (a million decline in the past twenty years) Methodism would have no Sunday Schools at all within sixty years. That shook the Conference.

CURE: The poll just completed by the *Oregonian*, newspaper of Portland, Oregon, shows that sixty-five per cent of the people of Portland are convinced that a more widespread return to religion would materially curb our current international friction. Twenty-five per cent of those asked replied in the negative, and

ten per cent had no opinion at all. Fifty-seven per cent of the men polled replied yes, while seventy-two per cent of the ladies voted the same way.

This is worth a discussion in your church. Why should the men vote as they did? Inasmuch as this is a man's world, is there any chance of the men being led to think otherwise? And is the poll proof that religion is still to be tried as a medium of international technique, and that the power of armed force has once again proved itself impotent to settle anything?

EPISCOPALIANS: A new monastic order to be known as "The Community of the Way of the Cross," unique in the history of Buffalo, has been formed in that city by a group of Episcopal women.

The members of the order will be "nuns or sisters in one sense of the word," but will differ from other nuns and sisters in that they will be self-supporting. They will try to unite prayer with the work of the world, will formulate their own rules and require vows of its members, who cannot marry. They do not, as yet, wear any distinctive dress; they will teach Sunday School, do altar, guild and social service work.

PRESBYTERIANS: Presbyterians in the North have raised nearly seven million dollars toward the goal of ten million in their drive to "strengthen Christian influence on the college campuses of the nation" through a Sesquicentennial Fund for Christian Education. The goal is in sight now; it is one of the most encouraging church campaigns of this generation, and one most necessary.

Southern Presbyterians announce the completion of a similar financial drive, this time for pensions. They have raised three million dollars to underwrite retirement funds for their communion. Minimum pensions of fifty dollars a month will be paid at first, with the ministers themselves contributing two and one-half per cent of their salaries, their churches contributing seven and one-half per cent more and boards of home and foreign missions adding another seven and one-half per cent. Effective April 1st, it will benefit 2,500 ministers and 400 foreign missionaries.

RUSSELL: By order of Supreme Court Justice John McGeehan of New York, Mr. Bertrand Russell of England will *not* be allowed to teach at City College. This legal decision seems to end a question that has stirred religious and educational circles in New York as they have seldom been stirred before.

It seems to us that there were two questions clearly involved here. One, whether we agree with the appointment or not, is the question of academic freedom.

But also involved in the City College fracas is the right of the man who pays the school taxes to say who shall teach his children. Professor Russell, according to the standards we have enjoyed in the United States, just doesn't seem to fit into the picture. Few of us would dream of sending our children to study under a professor whose teachings we felt to be highly dangerous, in a privately-endowed or church college.

Is there any reason why those who by force of circumstances are required to attend a college like C. C. N. Y. should be required to study under a professor with whose teachings their parents violently disagree? Inasmuch as the parents pay the bills, they should at least have something to say about what is to be taught their children.

We'll see. Whether the parents and the church groups win or not, it is encouraging to see them acting as a check rein in such situations as this.

UNITARIANS: An ad with a punch came to our desk this week. Run by the First Unitarian Church in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, the ad is topped by the words: "Not For Church Members." That's smart. That means that all church members will read it. The ad goes on: "If you have broken with or stopped attending your church, you must feel the need. . . ." and so on. Advertising for the non-churchgoer! Well, why not?

WITNESSES: Ruling that dissenters had the right to attack established religions, under rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, Judge Cortland A. Johnson of Mineola, N. Y. has just reversed a conviction by the City Court of the City of Long Beach, of thirteen members of the sect called "Jehovah's Witnesses" on charges of disorderly conduct, and ordered their fines remitted.

The Witnesses carried in the streets placards bearing such legends as "Religion is a Snare and a Racket" and "Serve God and Christ The King." We doubt that they could prove their case in re religion being a racket, and such tactics certainly will not gain them many friends among the churchmen of the country, but we agree with the judge in granting them the grand old American right to dissent and be different, and we doubt that the churches will suffer very much by letting them alone. Woodrow Wilson used to say of those who wasted their time throwing rocks at the Church, "The truth is no cripple: it can stand alone." What the Church needs to do is not to crush the Witnesses with a legal club, but to so live its faith that the Witnesses will not have any excuse for living.

HERE AND THERE: The Lutherans will proceed with their campaign to raise funds for Finnish Lutherans; they say the need is as great as ever; they're right. . . . The Quakers may come into the World Council of churches. . . . Eighty-six per cent of rural Virginia, according to recent survey, does not attend Sunday School and seventy-six per cent does not attend Church; so says the Virginia Rural Church Conference Board. . . . School children in Mississippi, colored and white, will be given free textbooks from now on: a great step. . . . Churchwomen in Northeast Federation of Adult Bible Classes condemn comic strips poking fun at different races and types of people; bravo! . . . Mission funds in United Church of Canada show a last-year decrease of \$16,330. . . . Kentucky's governor has signed a bill extending free bus transportation to parochial school children; New York is fighting that one out now.

TEMPERANCE

QUAKERS: Off and on, we've reported here the opposition of the Society of Friends to the use of the picture of the old Quaker on bottles of Old Quaker Whiskey—and Old Quaker Rum and Gin. This week arrives the welcome news (from the Arch Street Yearly Meeting of the Friends) that hereafter, in the state liquor stores of Pennsylvania, there will be no more Old Quaker Rum offered for sale. So rules the Pennsylvania State Liquor Control Board. - Three cheers for the Board.

The decision of the Board, however, does not touch the sales of Old Quaker Gin and Whiskey. The distillers are said to be planning a withdrawal of the gin in the future, but that is not certain. It should be. The use of the name Quaker on a booze-bottle comes close to insult. By any other name it would still be booze.

PRAYING: Shades of Carrie Nation! Down in Houston, Texas, this month, a group of bar-fies in Leon's Tavern on Harrisburg Avenue almost dropped their glasses when they heard the sounds of hymn and prayer floating into the bar-room. Outside in the street was a group of Houston women, led by Mrs. Ruth Horner Godbey, who prayed fifteen minutes for the men inside!

Militant action followed with a discussion of tavern conditions in Houston. There was some criticism and a few threats, but the campaign gained headway. One Episcopal clergyman preached his first temperance sermon in twenty years and one drinker said he would never drink again in a place where women prayed for him! How many were frightened away from the bars we'll never know.

Special objective of the Houston drive is the beer parlor operating within 300 feet of schools and churches. Operating within that distance is in direct violation of state law. Liquor men themselves admit there are some 450 places operating in Houston, some of them offering free beer to school children.

It is worthy of mention that out of a praying crusade led by the famous "Mother" Thompson, in Hillsboro, Ohio, came the national and world W. C. T. U., founded by Frances E. Willard. May the tribe of praying women increase! We know of nothing that will make a drinking man so ashamed of himself as this.

INCREASE: A twenty-five per cent increase in auto deaths during the first nine weeks of 1940, recorded in twelve leading cities of the nation, should slap America awake. The cities: New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and New Orleans. The total population represented here exceeds 18,321,000.

That increase in sudden death, incidentally, is accompanied by a radically upward trend in liquor consumption. From July of 1939 to February 1, 1940, there was an increase of 22,260,000 gallons of domestic distilled and malt liquors, compared with the same period (the first seven months) of the fiscal year 1939.

Two and two still make four.

GALLUP: The Gallup Polls are still galloping all over the country taking down public opinion on all sorts of questions of public interest. Latest to come to our attention is a reading of the rise and fall of wet influence. Among other things the galloping Gallupers report:

"The vote for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1933 reached more than 74.03% of the total vote cast on the question while the vote later, for retention of the national Prohibition act, reached slightly under 25.66% of all those who went to the polls.

"The advocates of prohibition mustered 47% of the 1940 poll in some fifteen West-Central and Southern states with 51% of the voters declaring that present laws were not strict enough, with 39% testifying drunkenness was increasing in their areas; 42% gave it as their opinion that the national Prohibition policy would be better for young people than the present medley of license restrictions."

So much for the poll—and its findings. As one reads them, one can't escape the conviction that a nation-wide vote on Prohibition might produce some unexpected results

PEOPLE

During the Civil War a colored youngster in Arkansas was swapped for a race-horse valued at \$300. History knows nothing more about the horse; probably he was just another also-ran. But history today recognizes the swapped slave-boy as one of the leading agricultural chemists of the age. He is George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute.

Young Carver worked his way through a Kansas High School, then through Iowa State Agricultural College; taught three years after graduation—bacterial laboratory work; at Tuskegee since 1896.

Dr. Carver made headlines this month when he gave his life-savings (some \$33,000, after fifty years of work) for a research foundation to carry on his experiments in agriculture. Money has never meant much to Dr. Carver; when Edison's Laboratories offered him a \$100,000 a year job some years ago, he wasn't interested; a fat offer from Soviet Russia found him equally cold. When he lost \$70,000 of his savings in a bank crash he smiled: "I guess somebody found a use for it. I wasn't using it myself." Carver was busy just then finding a use for—peanuts!

He got started experimenting with peanuts when he found the soil of the South being exhausted by the planting of one crop—cotton—year after year. He told the South to raise peanuts instead. Then he sat down in his lab to find out how to use all those peanuts. To date he has found 300 uses for the lowly goober: among them, cheeses, candy, instant "coffee", pickles, oils, shaving lotions, dyes, face powder, axle grease.

Pious, white-haired, bachelor, Dr. Carver spends his idle (!) hours painting or hiking. He has never taken out a patent or sold a process. Says he: "God didn't charge for His work in making peanuts grow, so I won't charge for mine." A scholar, a gentleman, and the sort of Christian too hard to find these days.

DON'T GIVE YOUR CHILD a "BARGAIN" remedy you don't know all about



*A child's life is beyond the price
of pennies.*

*Have your physician "check up"
your family frequently.*



*Ask your doctor before giving your child any remedy
you aren't sure of. No family need take this chance today.*

WAIT. Think First. Are you *absolutely sure* you should give a single dose of that drug to your child? *Internally*, remember. You don't know anything about it, do you? It was sold, you recall, as "something just as good" and it cost you, perhaps, a few pennies less.

A very dear purchase it could be! For your own peace of mind alone, give no home remedy you're not quite

certain about without getting your own doctor's opinion. *And never go against it.*

Even in the case of the common children's remedy, milk of magnesia, ask your doctor what he approves. And when he says "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia", see that you get exactly that by asking expressly for "Phillips' " when you buy . . . never ask for just "milk of magnesia".

If your child prefers Phillips' in the newer form—tiny peppermint-flavored tablets scarcely larger than an aspirin tablet that children chew like candy, give it this way. For each tablet contains the equivalent of one teaspoonful of the liquid Phillips', and a big box costs only 25c at your drugstore.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA



MOTHER

As Mary walked the meadows,
 When Spring laughed in the grass,
 And violets were strewing
 The ways where she must pass,
 God leaned low from His heaven
 And, in the fragrance blown
 Around her by the breezes,
 He claimed her for His own;
 He filled her with the wonder
 Of immortality,
 While angels heaped their singing
 About the Eden Tree,
 And, blessed above all women,
 She trembled there apart,
 As love flamed into being
 Beneath her dancing heart.

As Mary, worn with faring
 And heavy with her Child,
 Turned from the inn with sighing,
 God, leaning to her, smiled
 And led her through the shadows
 To find the manger bed,
 Where cattle blinked the glory,
 That haloed her bowed head,
 While Wise Men, who had followed
 Their dreamings from afar,
 And Shepherds from the pastures,
 All guided by a star,
 Came with their gold and incense,
 Their honey, wool and wheat,
 To kneel in adoration
 And kiss Christ's rosy feet.

As Mary knew the anguish
 Of grief too deep for tears
 And hearkened to the rabble
 Flout Jesus with their jeers,
 While through the hammers' ringing,
 Despite the pain He knew,
 Christ sighed, "Forgive them, Father!
 They know not what they do!"
 God leaned across the tempest,
 That rent the holy veil,
 That shook the cruel crosses,
 That made the bravest quail,
 And Golgotha, blood-branded
 By what blind fools had done,
 Mourned, as the Saviour's mother
 Wept for her stricken Son.

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

May
1940



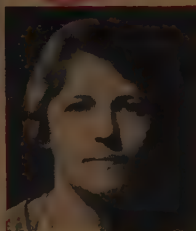
CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



SPEAKING AS AN *American*

By Pearl S. Buck



AT THE LEFT IS PEARL
S. BUCK, AUTHOR OF "THE
GOOD EARTH," "SONS," AND
NUMEROUS OTHER NOVELS
AND STORIES, MANY OF THEM
WITH SCENE LAID IN CHINA

ONE of my earliest memories as a small white child in China is of walking along the street in a Chinese city and, as was usual, drawing a crowd of followers, amazed at the strangeness of my light hair and blue eyes.

"What is your country?" they always asked.

"America," I always replied.

"Ah," they always said next, "America is good."

Decent politeness forbade my agreeing with this. But in my heart I always agreed with it. I had never seen my country, but I knew it was good. I knew it was good because in any crisis of suffering, when a famine came, or a flood, or a war ravaged our Chinese countryside, leaving behind its invariable misery, my mission-

ary parents, themselves helpless before such numbers in need, always said, "We'll have to get help from Home." Home was America.

So they wrote letters and they sent pictures and compiled figures, and in due time help came, not always enough, but always something. I grew up believing that to help those who suffered was our American tradition.

When I was older and returned to my own country, I wanted to find the sources of the magnificent tradition. It had its roots in many places. Why did Americans so generously pour out their aid to people they had never seen? Not all Americans did, of course. Plenty of them thought it was foolish. But in many Americans, even in some who thought it was foolish, there

was a warm, easily quickened heart, a sense of neighborliness. Part of this was something left, perhaps, from pioneer times when one shared what one had in the *noblesse oblige* of the frontier. Part of it came from the Christian religion, which taught that the strong should bear the burden of the weak and preached the internationalism of a gospel to be taken beyond the limits of one's own country and race. But wherever the roots of the tradition had begun, they had spread until quick sympathy with the suffering was thought of anywhere in the world as a characteristic American trait. Americans might be money-loving, but they gave as generously as they got and that generosity was thought of first by many millions everywhere. Indeed, I had seen it thus.

Once when I took food into a starving Chinese village the first word said to me was, "Americans sent this, didn't they?" And how proud I was to say "yes!" Americans have sent to many countries, hospitals, schools, shelters for the homeless, centers of scientific knowledge. The generosity of America has been a glory to the flag.

There are Americans, of course who say, "All this might better have been kept here. We have plenty of suffering people of our own." This is true enough. I had grown up in China thinking we had no suffering people in America. I have found out how mistaken I was. The depression showed me, if nothing else. But factories, unequal laws for men and women, child labor, race antagonism, the struggle of the small business against big business, the sharecroppers and a score of other things show how many suffering people we have in our own country. It is true we could very well use all our money at home.

For a while, seeing these people, I, too, was inclined to feel we should help them rather than send help abroad. I happen to be an extremely patriotic American, and I put my own country first, however much I may like another country. "America first," I said to myself.

Of course I had to acknowledge, when I thought of it, that all the money Americans so generously sent to suffering people abroad had been well spent. That is, America had got back full returns for it in international good will. I know that the people who had put their hands into their purses and taken out five cents, ten cents, a dollar, a hundred dollars, did not do this with any idea of buying favor for themselves or their country. They did it in sympathy and with a desire to help human beings in trouble wherever they happened to be. But the fact is, nothing we could have done in the world could have brought us the returns internationally that generosity has. Our diplomatic service has not been so strong as England's, for instance, but it has not needed to be. Countries whose people have been helped in times of catastrophe are already predisposed to us and to our goods.

Still, we have never needed the favor of other nations. Why not then just help Americans, keep our money at home, and do good, too?

For a long time I was torn. I remembered those men and women and children on the other side of the ocean, how they looked when food was put into their hands, clothes upon their naked bodies, medicines given to heal them, and how they said, "This is from America!" I wanted that wonder at what America was to go on. It was brightness in a dark world. I hated as an American to see it lost as an attribute of my country. And yet undoubtedly Americans ought to be helped and if there was not enough for everybody, they ought to have it first. I hate to see Americans ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-fed, and this the more because I know it is not necessary. Distribution and not supply is the only reason we ever suffer, and distribution is an arrangement made by men.

And of course in this argument with myself I had to grant that nowhere in my own country did I see the sort of suffering I had seen elsewhere. Very few of our poor would be called poor by a Chinese poor man. Our poor are so only by Ameri-

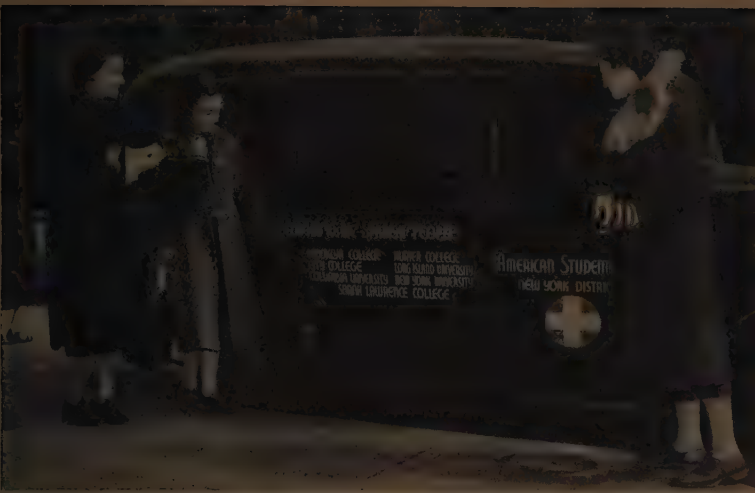


At the top is a group of American doctors and nurses aboard the S. S. Drottningholm, on which they sailed for Finland. Below that, relief for the hungry in Tokio distributing rice cake from the grounds of Honjo Slum Settlement. On facing page, top, students of Hunter College, New York,—part of a large number who donated this ambulance to Spain. Below that, The Salvation Army distributing food to jobless men in Paris, and, at bottom, the Y. M. C. A. helping refugees in China

can standards. Still, I do not want our standards to be lowered.

I think the solution of my problem came when I put aside entirely the question of the result abroad of American generosity and looked at the sort of Americans who were generous. For of course not all Americans are generous or care a penny what is happening to people in other parts of the world. The more I saw of this kind of American, the less I thought of him as a person. He is mean in many ways. He

does not give even to his own people. He does not give at all—he keeps for himself. He makes sometimes a great noise about un-American things and is rather sure to be a person who hates Negroes and what he calls "foreigners," whether in his own country or abroad, forgetting that we Americans are all foreigners here, really, and all have our beginnings abroad. In short, I find he is the sort of man who is not a good American at all. He is simply a selfish person.



© Wide World



© Salvation Army



Courtesy Y.M.C.A.

On the other hand, the American who is quick to sympathize with suffering anywhere I find is quick to sympathy for his own people. He is usually giving more at home than he is abroad—certainly as much. Moreover, his generosity is a part

of all he is. He responds to a call anywhere. He is more alert, more keen, generally a higher type of individual in all ways than is the all-for-my-own-person. In short, he is what I like to think of as the traditional American. He makes me

proud of my country.

But tradition everywhere is weakening. Those forces which developed the good American in the past are fading somewhat out of our life. We are no longer a pioneering people, we have not the opportunities for neighborly generosity which once we had. City life, industrial life, even farm life has increasingly its own patterns and government relief has taken from the individual much of his former opportunity for generosity. Even foreign missions are not as accepted a channel to giving as once they were and the emphasis of the churches themselves is less upon countries abroad than it used to be.

Where shall the children of the generous now find their way of development? The wave of an increasing nationalism, which is a natural result of the wars abroad and of our desire not to be involved in them, is shutting down gates which dam something within us and to our own hurt. When we stem the generous impulse to help anybody in need we stem generosity itself and encourage selfishness. To be content with our country, to feel our own is best, may be natural but it may also result in a narrowness of the spirit which will kill all true superiority. Our children should be proud of America. More is done for children here than in any country in the world. Most American children have everything—time for education and play, the primary attention of government, almost universal love and consideration, and above all, freedom and safety from war. In many countries in the world children are without chances for education, without freedom from fear, are living indeed in the midst of horrible danger and privation. Our American children ought to realize their own position in contrast, and realize not with boastfulness or with superiority, but with deep thankfulness that they happen by merest chance to be born to this life and not that other, and this thankfulness ought to overflow into generosity and the quick response to the need of others anywhere else in the world. If this overflow is not allowed, not encouraged, America will suffer in the quality of her people.

We must maintain, then, the finest of our American traditions, the tradition of generosity. Of all our traditions it is the most valuable to us. If we lose it, as we may, through a selfish nationalism which is not true patriotism, the loss to ourselves is irreparable, for it will be a deep spiritual loss. Let parents and teachers, therefore, use this condition in which the world is today to enlarge and uplift the hearts and minds of our children. Instead of letting war and confusion depress and confuse our young, let us say "How much more depressed and confused are the children of these other countries, who must actually suffer the might of war and catastrophe. What can you do to help them?" By such practical means will clarification come to us all. To shut one's door while others suffer, to care only for one's own, disclaiming responsibility for humanity, is to destroy all good impulse and to build up a deadly selfishness which will be a boomerang in its effect upon ourselves.

Let our own children see the opportunity now theirs for Americanism in the best and traditional sense. There never was a better hour than this to be an American.



By HOWARD
RUSHMORE
[PART ONE]

THE other day I was watching an elderly friend of mine reading the newspaper accounts of the American Youth Congress held recently in Washington, and I noticed his face coloring with indignation. "Why those brats haven't any business meddlin' in politics," he said heatedly, slamming the paper on the floor. "They're just too big for their breeches—now in my day . . ."

I listened politely to his tirade. "But don't you think," I asked "that perhaps this generation has special problems that you didn't have to worry about in the gay 90's? And I'm wondering if too many adults don't dodge *their* problem by calling today's young people just 'kids too big for their breeches?'"

Too many adults gave me such an answer to my questions six years ago. I was twenty-one then, a young man who had seen plenty of poverty and couldn't close his eyes to the suffering of depression America. I wanted to know why democracy wasn't working; and my teachers and Sunday School leaders and the other adults would say "Howard, you're too young to worry about such things." Or they would respond in clichés "It'll all come out in the wash." Democracy's spokesmen—the everyday, average business, political and religious leaders of their community—



Democracy's Children

The tall, rangy young man who is the author of this article, if fitted out with leather chaps, spurs, and a "ten-gallon hat," would look like the typical Wyoming cowboy. And he showed much of the cowboy's traditional daring and courage by hooking up with the Communists who, he then thought, had the solution for all the world's social and economic problems. Now he fought for six years in "The Party," and finally, disillusioned, renounced it and renewed his faith in Democracy, makes one of the most fascinating stories we have ever published



had too many worries of their own to bother with me. Disgusted, discouraged, I searched for new horizons—and found Communism.

I was in the Communist Party six years. I served as youth organizer, newspaperman, writer and official of a number of Red organizations. It was a very complete schooling in Utopia: a long and weary path that led to a dead end of disillusion. Were I alone among the thousands of depression youth who sought a new political system, I would have few words to say that would be of any value. But in many ways I was an average American boy with an average background, who joined Stalin's

agents because I thought there was no better way. My experiences are the same as those of countless other young people from coast to coast who, one time or another during the years 1930-39, came under the influence of Communism.

Yet those six years convinced me that democracy is the only, the American way I believe in it now and will fight for it because during the six years I fought against it I learned democracy's values. A strange contradiction, yet essentially a part of the convictions I hold today. And since the vast majority of the young men and women of this country—the Protestant youth—have found something lacking

in their public schools, in their churches, a missing link in the chain of knowledge, I believe and hope the lessons I learned will be of help to them.

I was raised on a Wyoming homestead, a wild lonely land where there were few schools and fewer churches. My mother, deeply religious, sought to overcome this latter educational handicap by constantly reading to me from the New Testament. Although she was usually tired at the end of the day—a homesteader's wife is the most unsung of all our pioneers—she never failed to bring to her son the teachings of

I wanted to know the cause of it and my teachers and the adults with whom I came into contact did little to explain why men who had worked hard all their lives now found the factory doors closed and "No Help Wanted" signs staring them in the face.

"These things come in cycles," my economics instructor said. "Two or three years and these things will have passed away and conditions will go back to normal." I frowned. "But there are so many families here in town who need food and clothing *now*," I insisted. "What about them during these two or three years?" The teacher shrugged. "I don't know."

I attended church and Sunday School regularly and had won a New Testament for proficiency in Bible study, but I suddenly wondered if Christianity could be to blame for this new and strange era of suffering I saw through my adolescent eyes. My Sunday School teacher said "No." An understanding of the teachings of Jesus Christ was the key to this economic riddle, he explained. "But," I pointed out, "There are many hungry people right around us who have that understanding. Is spiritual satisfaction enough?"

The more questions I asked, the more confused I became. The adults that I looked to as sources of infinite wisdom either regarded me toler-

antly as a curious kid or just a "youth too big for his breeches." And in the meantime my father walked the streets in a vain search for jobs and my mother started taking in washing and at school I tried to read between the lines of the textbooks for the answer to my questions. What had gone wrong with the democracy my ancestor helped create at Valley Forge? My school books didn't tell me. And neither did my teachers.

The summer of 1932 I spent with the Lost Legion, that great depression army of American youth who rode the freight trains back and forth across the continent looking for work and not finding it. I had relatives in Washington and I worked in the fruit fields there as long as the season lasted. Then when the fruit was picked I took to the rails again.

One night a young fellow by the name of Mike, a clean-cut, steady-eyed Irish boy from Chicago, was riding a freight car with me. We had our blankets

wrapped around us and were looking through the half-open door at the mountains in the distance. We hadn't eaten all day and every jar of the wheels brought that realization keenly home.

Suddenly Mike turned to me. "Do you believe in God?" he asked, almost fiercely. I nodded, eyeing him curiously. "Don't you, Mike?" He stared at the shadowy telegraph poles flashing by. "I used to," he said. "Went to Mass and all that. But you know when you see guys starving and getting cut to pieces on the rails and miserable like we are, you just wonder where God is these days."

I remembered a line from the Psalms. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and his ears are open unto their cry." Mike nodded. "Sure, I know." His mouth set in a cynical line. "The poor have to be righteous. But where does it get us?"

Those bitter depression years shaped and formulated a creed of cynicism in thousands of young minds like Mike's. I wondered at his bitter philosophy then, but a year later, after I had returned home and saw around me the unemployed and hungry, and in contrast, the few well-fed and sleekly content, I, too, became cynical. I made a dabble in politics, only to find self-seeking men at the head of the ward organizations. With the typical impatience of youth I quickly discarded politics as "corrupt." I gave up Sunday School. I eventually went to work as reporter on the town paper and spent my spare time in the public library vainly searching for the answer to the question "Why doesn't democracy work?" Then, as now, there was no book written especially for young people pointing out in its text the truth about democracy. Nowhere could I find a book acknowledging the weaknesses of our political systems and pointing out the proper method to correct them.

And then on the shelf I found a volume with a magic title "The Soviet Union." It told of a nation across the sea where there were no depressions; where young people were guaranteed jobs and security. The author was a young American newspaperman who had gone abroad with an impatience in his heart for democracy and in Russia had found economic and social pots of gold at the end of the Red rainbow. His enthusiasm, illogical and untruthful as it would have seemed to an experienced mind, communicated itself to me and suddenly I believed I had found the answers to all my questions.

I read and reread the book and found another book on the theory of Communism. One sentence stated "Communism is a realistic application of the Christian theory of the brotherhood of man." My head began to whirl with these new thoughts and when I asked the adults about Communism, their stock answer was "Bolsheviks, foreign agitators, leave 'em alone." But you just can't tell youth to leave Utopia alone; they want to know all about it; but none of the men and women I looked up to bothered to explain just what Communism was. I became determined to find out for myself and finally obtained the address of the Communist Party in the nearest large city.

My first trip to this headquarters—a dingy two-story building in the Negro section of town—only increased my zeal for this new "brotherhood of man." The



Above is a picture of Mr. Rushmore as he is today. On the facing page is an artist's impression of the Communistic meetings he describes

Christ. Her favorite verse was from St. John "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life which the Son of man shall give unto you." She must have taught me well, for during the six years in the Communist Party I refused to accept the doctrines of atheism which Marxism holds as one of its main tenets; sometimes I believe that kindly voice and that deep humility before God sank deep enough into my mind to serve as an almost forgotten bulwark against the things that were to come.

We moved to Missouri a few years later and I grew to manhood in a typical Midwest town. My father went to work as a day laborer; I entered high school, worked as janitor to supplement the family income and busied myself with church and school activities. The depression came quickly and savagely; its effects left me as it did so many young people, dazed and bewildered.

Communists I found to be mostly foreign-born people with queer accents, mingling with a number of Negroes in complete fraternity—a new sight for me. The organizer, a European with flashing eyes and a deep, convincing voice, carefully explained to me why I should join the Communist Party.

I had told him of my background and he shook his head sadly. "Capitalism always destroys," he said. "It kills both young and old and the few who control it fatten themselves on the masses." He explained that in Russia there were no capitalists, no ruling class. Consequently no one went hungry, jobs were guaranteed, happiness was complete.

I looked at his shabby clothes. "You don't look very prosperous," I said. He laughed. "This isn't the Soviet Union," he reminded me. "We American workers must build a Soviet United States; we still have capitalism here." I asked what a Soviet America would be like. "All the factories and farms would be turned over

ple to atheism through education. If we still cannot convince you, you are welcome to join the Party anyhow. In Russia the comrades have found that most new converts come around to the atheist way of thinking after a short time in the Party."

My doubt was temporarily forgotten an hour or so later when a meeting was called to order in the smoky hall—bedecked with red flags—and the same organizer made a stirring speech on the misery and poverty around us, of the glorious time when Communism would take the place of democracy in America and there would be work and homes for all. I contrasted him in my mind with the oily, well-fed politicians I had known in the political clubs of my home town. I did not see him as an incompetent, neurotic little European but as a shabby, unselfish martyr who would fight and die for a cause.

I took home a number of Communist pamphlets and devoured their contents. I

their distrust of Communism. The theory, I decided, was perfect: the people must be educated so they could understand it. When the American Writers' Congress was organized by the Party in 1935, I was invited to go as a Missouri delegate to the convention in New York. The huge city thrilled me and my first May Day parade—that long line of Communists winding under waving banners down Fifth Avenue—aroused me to fever pitch. Nothing can burn so fiercely as youthful idealism, and when the editor of the "Young Worker," official organ of the Young Communist League, invited me to become their managing editor, I accepted immediately.

The editor, a loud-voiced youth of Russian descent, laughed at my one objection—leaving my parents. "It is just as well to leave your family; in fact, we encourage young revolutionists to do so," he said. "Parents always exert a bourgeois influence." In the back of my mind I knew that my parents were much more "working class" than the young fellow opposite my desk, but I was awed by his glib tongue and the position he held.

I was immediately assigned to a Communist Party unit in Harlem, that great Negro district of New York City. "You're from a Jim Crow state," they explained to me. "Let the Negroes in your unit understand that, so they will be impressed with the idea of a Southerner shaking hands with them." The Communists, I was given to understand, held the Negro on a full basis of equality, encouraging interracial marriages and the like. The Negro, I knew, had been discriminated against for centuries, but what I had seen of their life in Missouri convinced me that they wanted social justice, not social equality. The Communists hooted at the thought. "Why," they boasted, "when the revolution comes we're going to give the Solid South entirely over to the Negroes and move the white people to other parts of the country. We will set up a Negro Soviet below the Mason and Dixon line."

I made friends with several Negro young fellows who attended the unit meetings. I found them intelligent youth, but a bit skeptical of the Communists. Pretty young Communist girls were assigned to these Harlem units and when the radio was turned on, would urge the Negro boys to dance with them. A few of the boys did, somewhat reluctantly. One girl, who always wore a tight white sweater and short skirts, was constantly repeating in a voice loud enough for all to hear "Why I'm married to a Negro and I think more of him than any white man."

I gritted my teeth a bit at this, but remembered that Communists were sworn to party discipline and I had to accept all such actions as part of the revolutionary program. I remembered my cowardice concerning politics back home: how I had abandoned the "bourgeois" ward clubs rather than remain in them and fight for reform. Besides, I thought almost desperately to myself, Russia has its brotherhood of man because it also went through such a period before the overthrow of the Czar. With the revolution, the incidents I thought either indecent or incorrect would be forgotten in the glorious Utopia that would be called "The Soviet Union of American States." So I closed my eyes and dreamed. (To be concluded next month.)



Above is an indistinct picture of the claim shanty on the Wyoming homestead, with Mr. Rushmore's father at right, his mother standing near the milk can, and Howard—then ten years old—with his dog

to the people," he explained. "There would be only one political party—the Communist Party. We would immediately destroy such bourgeois organizations as the Rotary Club, the American Legion, the Boy Scouts, the Chambers of Commerce and all churches."

I blinked a bit at this. "The churches, did you say?"

My surprise amused the Communist organizer. "We Marxists," he said, "have a slogan—'Religion is the opium of the people.' I see you still have bourgeois illusions, Comrade Rushmore, about religion."

I argued that, although I believed the American church was not answering the questions of many young people like myself, there was no point in destroying it. He handed me a pamphlet "Why the Communists Do Not Believe in God" and told me to read it and to report my opinion of "the Marxist position on religion" to him at some later date. "We Communists," he added, "try to convert peo-

attempted to organize an unemployed council and a Communist Party unit but met with little success. The very people I wanted to reach, the hungry and unfortunate, listened with blank faces to my suddenly acquired Marxism and shook their heads. "It's foreign propaganda," they insisted, using that common sense that I was to lose for the next six years. "There's an American way out of all this."

But Russia seemed more and more like a dream Utopia to me as I read more literature and attended other Communist meetings in the city. I refused to listen to religious and civic leaders at home; hadn't the pamphlets said these men were "betrayers of the working class?" A few months later I joined the Communist Party.

As an organizer in my home town I was a failure and knew it. I was too quick to decide that the people around me were stupid; so desperate was I to find a solution to America's economic and social ills that I failed to question the reason for

THE MINISTER TOUCHES
LIFE AT MORE POINTS
THAN ANY OTHER MAN



By CHARLES M.
SHELDON

THE minister touches life at more points than any other man, as compared with the doctor, the lawyer, the musician, the artist, or even the teacher. I had a brother who was a good doctor and surgeon and he used to say to me, "I wonder if there are any well people! I never see any!"

The same thing might be said of any other profession. Individual professional men revolve around a special group of human beings. But the minister touches life at all points.

At three great periods of human experience the minister is specially called upon. A baby is born in the parish. Immediately that baby is put on the Cradle Roll of the church, and in time it is taken for granted that it will become a member of the Sunday School and a member of the church. That baby represents in the minister's mind, the future of the church.

The second period centers around the marriage ceremony. Most people want to be married by the minister. And it is a crucial and sacred event with a majority of the young folks in the minister's parish.

The third period of human experience centers around death. The family wants the minister for the funeral service. In my first parish in Waterbury, Vermont, families five, ten, and fifteen miles from the village asked me to come for the service. People who had never been inside my church or any other, who were not members, claimed my services which, by the way, often cost me a whole day's travel at my own expense!

So, then, at the events of birth, marriage and death the minister is called on to serve as no other man is called.

On Sundays the minister looks over a congregation that is made up of all sorts and conditions of humanity—rich and poor, ignorant and educated, old and young, all political faiths and none, every trade and profession in the audience. And in between two Sundays the minister, in his parish rounds, comes in contact with every sort of human problem, and is called on to help solve every sort of trouble.

Every Sunday the minister is supposed to preach a new sermon. It must be in-

teresting, with new illustrations of old truths. Even if he has been preaching sermons for twenty-five years to the same people, they expect to be edified every Sunday with something new. I could write an editorial for a daily paper every day and make nothing of it (like most of the daily paper editorials,) but to write a new sermon every week is a tremendous task that the average church member knows little about. But the minister who fails at this point soon loses his hold on the people who must be entertained with the Sunday sermon before they go home—or to the hotel—for their Sunday dinner.

In addition to the regular weekly task of preparing a new sermon, the minister is supposed to be able to make all sorts of addresses on any subject, from laying the corner stone for the new Public Library to giving the Commencement Address at the college or high school graduation.

The minister also must be all things to all men. A good mixer. He must be able to love folks he doesn't like. And he must be on good terms with people of every faith, politically and socially. In other words the minister must be an all-around man, gifted with perfect health, tact, with a sense of humor, with unbounded common sense and wisdom, a lover of young people and popular with them. Not a perfect man, perhaps, but the people always expect the minister to be a little better than they are, up-to-date, a good dresser,

always good-natured and the life of the Sunday School picnic!

After trying for fifty years in the same parish to measure up to this picture of a minister, I have been thinking about some things I would like to do if I were back again in a church and parish of my own where the people liked me well enough to let me try some new things that I never tried during my fifty-year ministry.

So, if I were back again in a church that I called my own, here are a few things I would like to try, and would do until the trustees asked me to resign.

First, as to pulpit habits, I would want to be on my feet five minutes after eleven Sunday morning beginning my sermon before what are called the "preliminaries," and let them come after the sermon. And I would not preach over twenty minutes, except on rare occasions when the subject might need a few minutes more. I feel quite sure that this habit of having the sermon first would stop the habit that some of my members would have of getting to church punctually late, if they really wanted to hear my sermon.

After preaching, I would sit down and have several minutes of silence and meditation. These periods of meditation would occur several times during the morning worship. I noticed during my ministry that the Quaker members of my church were the most devout and spiritually-minded members I had. How do you account for that? Well, they were brought

(Continued on page 68)



DAY TO KEEP

By Loula Grace Erdman

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES ZINGARO

ment, Marilyn had permission to go with her father on a picnic today. It didn't make sense, unless you knew all the things that lay between.

"Here's Marilyn now," Miss Frashier said, her words coming out in a long-drawn, reluctant sigh of consent to the foolish thing this parent was asking to do. And then the door opened, and the child came into the room. A little girl with curls a mist of red-gold about a small, gravely shy face. A child, lost in an adult world. When she saw the man, bright joy rippled the little face.

"Daddy," she cried, running toward him, arms stretched wide. "Daddy—daddy—"

The man knelt to snatch her hungrily into his arms, cradling the soft baby-smallness of her, the strangely wise adulthood. He held her so, dizzy at the feel of her in his arms, faint at the sight of her—his Marilyn, his baby.

"How'd you like to go on a picnic?" He asked at last. "Just you and me, in the country."

"Did she—" a questioning look in Miss Frashier's direction, "did she say we could?"

"Sure," Frank told her. "Get your hat, Baby. We don't want to waste a minute of this pretty day."

It was a pretty day. Quiet and still, with little puff balls of clouds riding high in the sky. A rain had fallen the night before, and the whole world had a clean face and a sweet breath. It wasn't cool, and it wasn't hot, but there was something in the air that got into your veins and pushed the blood along ahead of it. Something that warmed even the pain-numbed heart of Frank Drummond, dwelling on certain papers which he must sign at six.

"The ground's wet," Miss Frashier had called after them, as they walked off together. "Don't let Marilyn sit on it. I can't answer for what would happen if she came home sniffing."

Heavens, how that woman had hated to see them go. She couldn't, or wouldn't, see what Frank meant when he said:

"I want to tell her myself, today, about the Crudgingtons adopting her. I got to, so she'll know it's what I want for her. After it's over, I don't want her wondering how I feel about it. She'll be happier—everybody'll be happier—if I do it my own way."

No, Miss Frashier couldn't understand. So he guessed he couldn't expect her to realize that other thing—that a father needed one day to keep through all the vacant years to come.

A streetcar stopped on the corner nearest them now, and they boarded it.

"Where are we going, daddy?" asked the child eagerly.

"Out to a man's farm—a man I used to know when I had the store. He's a nice man. I think he'll let us have a picnic on his place."

"Does he have a little girl, daddy?"

"I don't know, Baby. I don't know a thing about him except he lives in a house close to where this car line ends, and he grows fruits and things to sell. His name's Jason Brock. It will be on the mail box."

"Do you think he might—" the delicate hesitation had nothing childlike about it. It was a woman, tender, wistful. "Do you think he might have a job for you?"

Pain was a devil that bestrode Frank's shoulders, catching at his throat, choking the breath from him. Two months at the Shelter, and she still remembered! Would things like that come back to haunt her, too, till the last day she lived?

No, Baby. No little cakes. Daddy doesn't have the money.

Can you eat just bread tonight, Baby? Daddy'll have something else for you by tomorrow, sure.

Well, he had. By that tomorrow there had been the Shelter, with the right food, and Miss Frashier in charge. And by and by Mrs. Crudgington, who could give her Everything.

"Do you think he will?" the child repeated gently.

"What!" Frank came back from far places to ask blankly. And then he remembered. "Yes—yes, he might. A fruit farm takes a lot of work. I know, because I grew up on one."

So he had. Even now, he might be there had it not been for the insolent hatred, the slovenly coarseness of Becky Pa's second wife. She it was who had driven him from the farm there in the valley between blue Ozark hills to Kansas City, which was to be the bright Mecca of his dreams. And when some one had said, in those first terrible days after Mary went and he hadn't known what to do with Marilyn, "Why don't you send her to your father and stepmother?", it was the memory of Becky that had made him draw the child close to him and say fiercely, "No—not that—"

Marilyn—with That Woman!

No, there had been only one thing to do with the child, the way things were, and that was the Shelter. Mary would have wished it so. Of course, he had not foreseen that the Shelter would lead to Mrs. Crudgington. But, once it did, there was only one thing to do about that, too.

The fat conductor's voice broke in on Frank's thoughts. "End of the line," he said. "You folks want off?"

"Well, Baby," Frank said. "What do

"Oh Daddy," she cried, "this is a whole lot more fun than a swing. I'm going on by myself"

THE woman zipped her mouth shut and locked it with the seal of her disapproval.

"If you insist," she opened her tight lips far enough to say thinly. "But personally, I think I could have done it better myself. Do you have the money?"

"Yes," the man told her briefly. "Yes—I got money."

"Remember," she went on, "Mrs. Crudgington is impatient to be back in Chicago. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to persuade her to wait for this—this idea of yours. You won't forget that the papers must be signed at six, sharp?"

The muscles around the man's mouth tightened. "No, Miss Frashier," he said. "No—I won't forget."

"Marilyn is a very lucky child, Mr. Drummond," the woman repeated firmly. "She's to have everything—positively Everything. And to think, it never would have happened, had Mrs. Crudgington's chauffeur not happened to have an accident, right outside the Shelter."

"I know," Frank Drummond told her hastily. Sure he knew. Because the Crudgington car skidded on a wet pave-

you want to do first for a good time?"

The sound of the retreating car gave Frank a strangely lonely feeling, as if maybe bringing Marilyn way out here in the country was every bit as foolish as Miss Frashier had thought it. But the child's eager joyousness put his doubts at rest.

"Oh, daddy," she cried. "This is fun. Let's just walk awhile, and then eat. That's a picnic, isn't it?"

And then she added thoughtfully, "But I'm not really hungry, daddy, if you don't have the money."

"I got money, Baby." Frank was fiercely anxious to tell her. "We'll walk up to Mr. Brock's house, and buy things to eat—milk, and strawberries, and things—" He reached into his pocket to bring out the coins with which to convince her.

The pocket was perfectly empty.

He explored it desperately, turning it wrong side out. No use. There simply wasn't anything there except the hole through which the coins had slipped, somewhere between here and town.

"Your money," the child broke in on his thoughts in hushed tones. "It's gone, daddy!"

She was close to tears.

"Don't worry, Baby," he patted the child's shoulder. "I'll get work out here, and we'll manage fine."

And to himself he was saying, "Fool! You fool!" Not to know that pocket had a hole! That money you'd saved for days, just for this picnic with Marilyn. Sure, you'll get a job. You'll have to, if you eat, and get back to town. You'll get a job, and spend your precious day working. Day to keep. Bah!

But *could* he get a job? Maybe Jason Brock didn't have any work to be done. Maybe he didn't even live out here any more.

But he did. There was the name, on the mail box, and the sight of the fat black letters sent courage back into Frank's heart. Brock must have a job for him. Not too hard a one, or too long, for there must be an hour or so left over to sit quietly by Marilyn until the right moment should come for him to remark, sort of offhand like, as if it was nothing strange he was saying,

"The Crudgingtons, Baby. Some rich folks from Chicago. They are going to adopt you, and daddy wants them to. They'll give you everything—a pony, and new dresses, and ice cream every day, if you want it."

And a new name, Baby. All I got to do is to sign some papers tonight at six, promising not to see you any more, or bother you!

Jason Brock's house, when they came to it, proved to be small but gracious, with an air of mild decay about it as if it were gradually leveling back to what it had been before ever people were there. Flowers choked with weeds filled the borders; a few trees made dark patterns on the unkempt grass. From one of them Frank noticed two dangling ends of rope, frayed

(Continued on page 49)

They went forward. Their knock brought a woman to the door—a woman neither young nor old. Her face had a dead, burnt-out look, as if she moved about through no volition of her own





THE VOICE OF HAPPINESS

By Frank S. Mead

IN THE Year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and three, Theodore Roosevelt was President of these United States; Cuba and the Philippines were happily free and China was unhappily trying to pay off her Boxer indemnity. Roosevelt's United States was to share in that indemnity to the tune of nine millions of dollars. But, thank God, America never took a penny of it; said the U. S. to China, "We don't need your money. Take it back, and use it to educate young Chinese men and women in the schools of America." That, we figured, would make for a happy China.

And in the year nineteen three a Chinese boy of fourteen, queue, gown, almond eyes and all, came down the gangplank of a ship in Victoria with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness before him. This was young "Sam" Lee, who had paid for his own ticket. He was no indemnity boy. At the very moment he came ashore in the new world, his gallant old mother was working in her rice-paddy back in China, earning money for his education. Correction: it was *she* who had paid for Sam's ticket; for that she mortgaged her little rice-paddy and paid out every cent of her life savings and sent off the joy of her heart with the words, "You must make money, my son, if you want to be a big man in the world. But first, you must be a *good* man."

He found a job washing dishes in a Victoria restaurant (there were no child labor laws in nineteen three), and nights he went to a Mission school to study English. That didn't take him very long,

for (as we shall see) the boy was quick. He soon had learned all the Mission school had to teach him and he was just about to enroll in a public school when a letter—and a check—arrived from an uncle in Portland; off, to seek the happiness he couldn't find washing dishes, he went to Portland and grammar school. He cut off his queue and enrolled in the first grade.

They laughed at him, for he was fourteen in the first grade, a young elephant among tots. But they didn't have much time to laugh, for he was in and out of first grade in a few days; second grade took but a few days more. The teachers liked him, marveled at him, pushed him. One teacher tutored him after school hours; she saw to it that Sam Lee skipped a grade every two months, right on schedule. She was proud of him. The old mother back in China was proud—and happy—when she heard that her son had gone through an American grammar school, first grade through eighth, in two years and a half!

Portland High School took three years; when he had finished his third term he went to summer school at the University of Oregon and in the fall registered at the University as a full-fledged Freshman. College, in five and one half years—for a Chinese boy with no English and a Manchu queue down his back!

Up to now he hadn't been what you might call religious. He'd heard the name of Christ spoken, but it didn't mean much. At the University he joined the church. He smiled when he told us about that, just yesterday: "I decided to join the

church, not so much to have my soul saved—for I didn't even know then that I had a soul—but because I thought that by being baptized I would be received in Christian homes and get something for nothing. And when I should die, I would be admitted into your glorious Christian heaven—if there was such a place." Smart, and always alive to the main chance. But he also told us that another reason for joining the church was that the Christian boys at Oregon U. were kind to him. That's worth some thought; there is no pain in this world worse than the pain of exile from one's own land.

Within a year he had come East to Cornell. Some Y.M.C.A. boys at Cornell asked him if he was a Christian. Sure, he said, he was a Christian; hadn't he been properly baptized? Wasn't that all there was to it? He drifted into Bible-study groups and he was accepted into good Christian homes and he was well on his way to riches and happiness. He took his C.E. (Civil Engineering) degree, said a smiling goodbye to the boys at Ithaca and sailed for home. He had what he wanted, what he'd come for. Now to make money and really live. In Shanghai he met respect, taught English for a while at St. John's University, saw he'd never get rich doing that and got himself an engineering job. This was more like it. There was more money here. He went after it, with all that was in him. Oh, yes, he joined the Y and the church, but for seventeen long years he never read his own Bible or prayed his own prayer. Weren't the preachers paid to do that for him? He did learn the Ten Command-



The profits piled in. The man had an uncanny artistry at the business of making money. He worked happily, tirelessly, endlessly. Yet all the time, he knew something was wrong; something was gnawing at his heart. It may have been the thought of his old mother, and of the latter half of her command; "But first you must be a good man." Perhaps it was a still small voice from beyond this earth; or, perhaps, just a consciousness that he was throwing his life away and doing nothing for God. Down in his Midas-heart something kept telling him that he was lying to himself: he was *not* finding happiness in this. At his back he sensed, uncomfortably, the Hounds of Heaven pursuing him, "down the nights and down the days, down the arches of the years." He did his best to get away from them, from God, but he found he couldn't hide or laugh them off. "No, God, I'm meant to make money. Meant for broker, not a preacher." Somehow, it sounded flat.

Came 1929, and the crash! Up went the stock market and Sam Lee's profits—then down! Down, down. Up, down, up, down. The market went crazy. Sam Lee nearly went crazy with it. Now he was on top, rich, exultant; now he was down, almost wiped out. He lived on his nerves. He might have read himself to sleep

tor, tennis, golf, the movies. He'd ruined his health to get his wealth and now he was spending his wealth to get back his health! He lost weight; he was irritable, jumpy. He fought off the awful truth that he had missed his happiness because he had deliberately cut himself off from the very source of happiness. He begged for peace and there was no peace; he woke up in terror one morning to find his eyes blazing with pain, half his face paralyzed and his throat closed tight against the passage of food. He forced rice down his throat with his fingers, and wondered what would happen next.

God came next. Right there, the Hounds of Heaven caught up with Sam Lee. He dropped in on a group of Christians who asked him why he didn't try reading the Bible for awhile every day. Sam smiled. He had a Bible a good one, one that cost \$14.50. (He got that when he was married; he charged it to his father-in-law's account at the department store!) But—yes, he'd try reading it; he'd try anything once. He began—a chapter a day. Then two chapters a day, followed by a little meditation, quiet meditation, and an attempt at prayer. Ten minutes in the morning; then twenty, thirty. One morning he caught himself spending three-quarters of an hour reading and praying, and almost against his will he admitted that a strange new peace possessed his soul. Like John Wesley's, his heart was "strangely warmed."

Then he began to see things happening in his home. He no longer flew into rages over the noise his children made; he was father to them again. He sat down to dinner one night with a glass of beer beside his plate and heard his third son say, "Daddy, I want to drink, too." The boy was told he wasn't big enough; besides, it was only a solution of "soap bubbles." Hardly had that lie passed his lips when something within him said, "That's a lie, Sam Lee." Thereafter there was no more beer in the house of Lee. His weight went up from 125 to 151, the pain and the paralysis left his face and throat, and for the nine years thereafter he has been a complete stranger to pain.

He began to spend long hours away from the office, and the clerks wondered. Wondered if the boss had cracked under the strain. They had the right word: cracked. His heart had cracked open, wide enough to let God in. The forty-five-minute Quiet Time with the Bible and prayer, every morning, was having its effect. Sam Lee began to give money away! Making it didn't interest him any more. He established a Bible Institute; he sent away \$500 for religious work in his native village; he donated an automobile to evangelical work in Shanghai. He began to talk with changed people, Christians, a woman sick of cancer in whom miracles had been wrought by prayer, a young Chinese girl evangelizing in Yunnan, missionary men and women who wrought a deep influence upon him. He still had money. Now he wanted to find a way to make that money serve God in a big way. All his life he had talked in big figures. Why not now?

He looked around him. There were three million people in his Shanghai. Three million; only a scant 15,000 of them were Christians. That was good, as far as it went, but what of the other



On the facing page is a group of workers and committee members from Station XMHD. Sam Lee is third from the left, in the white suit. On this page, top, is Mr. Lee in Chinese dress, and below him the combined control room and studio of the broadcasting station which is also an office

ments however—from going to the movies.

Things didn't just pan out in engineering as he had thought; the British had all the big, high-salaried jobs, and he couldn't break through. He got tired of trying and one night he just cleaned out his desk and said he wouldn't be back in the morning. He went into business. Into the brokerage-exchange business. Money came still easier here. Came easier, went easier. This was it! Here was gold, and with gold, power and the status of a "big man" and the happiness he longed for.

nights, but he had almost forgotten how to read in his pursuit of happiness and power. He hadn't read a book through for months, hadn't read his Bible for nearly two decades and hadn't tried the cure of prayer for longer than that. So he tried wine. He'd get up in the middle of the night and take a drink. When the wine began to taste like water and actually keep him awake, he went the next step: he tried whiskey.

He got so he couldn't sleep at all, couldn't eat. He tried this doctor, that doc-

2,985,000? No one church could be built big enough to hold them. It would cost a lot of money (money, money!) to send out preachers into the highways and byways to reach them. These millions worried him; they were so near, and yet so far from the gates of the Kingdom of God—from the happiness he had so lately found.

God came again. He sent a man to Sam Lee who asked him why he didn't reach those millions with the only thing that could reach them: a broadcasting station! Broadcasting? Radio? Lee's heart leaped. A broadcasting station devoted one hundred per cent to God! He made inquiries, quickly. There were fifty broadcasting stations in and around

ing on the shafts of their vehicles in front of radio stores, drinking it in. Mothers who may be working for their sons' sakes listen in after work is done, at night. Mark this: there are today one and a half million receiving sets in China, mostly crystal sets costing forty cents, U. S. That means a tremendous audience.

When the antennae on the roof of XMHD blew down in a gale, a letter came to the studio with ten dollars enclosed, to help pay for a new bamboo mast. That ten dollars came from a group of dying women in a leper asylum! A home for blind boys, who couldn't enjoy a movie or a book, haunt their community dining room when XMHD takes the air. Luke-warm Christians by the score have writ-

seed, and that seed is only just beginning to break out into blossom. Look at our government. Look at the men who are running China. They're Christians!

"Call the roll. There's the little Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek; he's a Christian with a Christian wife (God bless her) and a Christian mother-in-law who led him to Bible-reading and prayer and happiness, just as I was led. God led Madame Sung to do that—and look at the result. Chiang's right hand man is Feng Yu-Hsiang, "The Christian General" who right now is training two million fresh young troops to fight Japan; the troops worship him. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is a preacher's son, Mr. Wang Chung Hui; his grandfather helped Robert Morrison translate the Scriptures into Chinese. Dr. F. C. Yen is Minister of Health, a preacher's son who was educated at Yale. Hollington Toong went to study in Missouri; he's a parsonage boy and Minister of Propaganda. The Minister of Finance is Mr. H. H. Kung, a former V secretary and a graduate of Oberlin. T. V. Soong is a second-generation Christian and Bank Controller. Chang Kung Chung is Minister of Communications; he reads his Bible regularly and he has missionaries teaching his children; he isn't a professed Christian yet, but don't worry. . . . Chiang Po-Ling is a Christian Vice-Chairman under Chiang Kai-shek; C. T. Wang and W. W. Yen are the two leading diplomats of China, and they're both Christians and ministers' sons.

"If that isn't enough, let me remind you that every sixth person in the Chinese 'Who's Who' is a Christian; and that seven and three-quarter million Bibles and portions were circulated in China in 1938, and that printers are working day and night trying to print Bibles enough to keep up with the demand. Does it sound convincing?"

It does. Just as convincing is the spectacle of those thousands of students who have fled to the mountains of West China to continue their studies in peace. They are the New China, the China of tomorrow—and thousands of them are Christian! These are times that try men's souls, in China; out of the fires that rage there is coming a new Chinese, a freshly forged brand of Christian leader who will lift China up to a new and undreamed-of power in the world.

Mr. Lee is sure of that. He isn't worrying about the leaders; he has his eye on the millions who must follow the leaders. We have 120-odd million people in the United States; they have nearly 500 million people in China. These, says Sam Lee, must be reached, influenced, changed. They are a bewildering multitude; they are coolies, workers, old Manchus and young students in the West, mandarins, beggars, rickshaw boys, porters, princes. There is no mass of humanity in the world quite like this. And there is no more sensible and effective way of reaching them than by the Voice of Happiness created by the boy with the queue who came down the gangplank in Victoria in nineteen three on the hunt for life, liberty and—happiness. He has found all three; now all that concerns him is that these millions of his countrymen shall find it too. They stand in a fair way, at XMHD, to hear quickly the Voice for which they have not cried in vain. (Continued on page 59)



Above is Sam Lee surrounded by his family, including his mother-in-law, the woman in black, near the center of the group. Apparently there is little danger of race suicide in China

Shanghai, ninety-two in all China. How did they get their licenses? What did it cost them to broadcast? The cost looked staggering at first, until one day he ran into a Shanghai pastor who had just sent out a sermon over the airwaves, only to hear the last word of the sermon outraged by a commercial announcement to the effect that "If you want to be happy, drink Stagger Brandy!" It was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Lee got his broadcasting license immediately; he put up nine thousand dollars in cold cash to get the thing started, then told his friends he needed help to keep it going. Station XMHD was on the air. There was one first ironclad rule in the studio: never, never, was there to be any advertising. The Lord had enough friends in China to support this thing, and it would either be supported this way or close down. Radio wise men smiled; they gave XMHD three months, at best. That was in 1934. Now it is 1940 and XMHD is still going strong—a 1000-watt, seven-hour-a-day station with a 250 mile radius and heaven knows how many listeners.

The broadcasters know they are reaching thousands with their English and Chinese programs. They know there are people listening in behind the counters of their shops; there are rickshaw boys rest-

ten in, thanking the broadcasters for sending them back to church. A Christian Chinese mother, invited to California for a few months' visit, refused to go because there was no "Voice of XMHD" for her to listen to morning, noon and night. One old woman says, "Christ will be here soon, in China, for His voice is on the air."

Before we forget it, Shanghai doesn't call this "The Voice of XMHD." The station is known across the land as "The Voice of Happiness!"

Schemer that he is, financier that he is, zealot for Christ that he is now, Mr. Lee says he hasn't started yet. He says the influence of The Voice of Happiness hasn't begun to be felt, yet. He seethes with enthusiasm: "Now!" he says, "now is the time! Now we've got to make it bigger, stronger. For Christ's hour has struck in China. The harvest is ripe for his sickle now. Believe me, I know. I'm Chinese. I live there. Think of what's happening over there. Did you think China was doomed, beaten, crushed? Don't be foolish. China hasn't begun to live, yet. This Japanese affair—it will pass and be forgotten, just as Genghis Khan and the Mongols and all the rest of them have passed and been forgotten. But Christ will stay! The missionaries have seen to that; they have planted the



As Tough As A Pine Knot



I AM always looking for men of faith.

Faith and Courage are the backbone of our American life; such faith and courage as the pioneers of this nation had. In these days when so many people are willing to accept Government help when they might be carving a living out of the hillsides for themselves, it is a heartening thing to find men of faith; faith in themselves, faith in their neighbors, faith in their country and faith in their God. Therefore I deliberately go out from time to time on a hunt for men of faith. However one day a few months ago I accidentally ran into one who had a story like the story of old Job of Biblical days.

I was driving north on Route number seven out of Rutland, Vermont. About four miles north of Rutland I saw, at the left side of the road, a new and attractive-looking stand. It was a filling station, a pine bark-covered building behind the pumps and to the side another pine-covered house, one story, and of the same design as the restaurant. Hanging from a roadside post there was a sign, done on a bark edged board with neatly carved letters—the place's name, "The Knotty Pine." I drove past, turned around and parked by the side of the restaurant. I sat down, ordered a lunch and from Frank DeForge and his wife got a life story which gave me new hope for humanity.

The story began with an apology from

THE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE FAITH
CARRIED HIM THROUGH TO VICTORY

By

C. M. McConnell



Mrs. DeForge for the slow service. She said: "You are our first customer since the fire. We hadn't planned to open till Decoration Day but Frank said as long as we are working around the place anyway we might as well start serving a few things."

Frank DeForge came in at that point and began fussing around with a new-fangled coffee pot. "This is my first experience with a Silex but you should have seen the coffee making outfit we had in our restaurant that burned. It sure was a good one, cost me two hundred dollars. Went up in smoke."

It was plain to me by that time that there had been a fire which had become a landmark in the lives of Frank DeForge and his wife, so I said, "Tell me about the fire."


"Well, there is more to the story than

a fire and you don't want to listen to all my troubles; but brother, I have had my share of them. I'll begin with the fire. I had a restaurant, right out there by the roadside a few rods north where the chimney still stands, which would seat one hundred and thirty-five people. It was one of the show places of Vermont. Once I fed five hundred Shriners at a clam bake in the grove back of the restaurant. I was doing fine, my two sons were with me and my wife worked right along with us and we were on the top of the world, back there right in the worst year of the depression. I had refurnished the place, bought several hundred dollars worth of new equipment, including the coffee making outfit I told you about and was getting ready to open up around the first of April. I hired a man to rake up the leaves and burn them the day before we planned to open up and he started the fire too close to the restaurant, which caught fire and burned down so quickly that we hardly saved a thing. I had two hundred dollars worth of food ready for the opening the next day. And there was no insurance on anything."

He paused a moment and then went on with his story: "Now I got to go backwards a bit on the story, for the fire was just the end of my six weeks run of terrible trouble. The fire was really nothing compared to my oldest son's death. One day along about (Continued on page 57)



MANY OF THE MEMBERS OF EMANUEL CHURCH, KILLINGWORTH, LIVED SO FAR AWAY, THAT IT BECAME THE CUSTOM TO SERVE SUNDAY DINNERS ON THE GROUNDS

 MAYBE the city parson has little need for a joke book, but if you're going to preach in the country you'd better have a stock of stories on hand, and a stock of funny ones, at that. There's nothing like a good story to illustrate a point—and to wake up a tired farmer in the pew. I've found out that good stories wake them up quicker than anything else, so I've made quite a study of the art of story-telling.

Once I was told to arrive for a meeting at six o'clock. After making many train, trolley, and bus changes, I finally covered the 150 miles and arrived on time. It was a Grange Pomona, and every Past Grand, Present Grand, and I think Future Grand had to make a grand speech. I, as speaker of the evening, was pulled on at just twenty-three minutes past eleven. There were over 600 present, and I should say, off hand, that I had to wake up about 400 of those farm folk from a sound sleep. And it took some of my best stories to do it.

During one winter I was down to speak at a religious education meeting in a Congregational Church way over near the New York State Line—Comstock's Bridge, I think it was. It was on a Sunday at 5:00 p.m. and the roads were all ice and snow. It was a hard trip, but Mrs. Gilbert and I arrived just on time, having driven our heads off.

The local minister came to the door. "We're here," I cried, "right on the dot."

But he didn't seem to reciprocate my rejoicing, far from it. "Why—er," he stammered, "we are having a series of meetings. You are to speak at the next one. You are two weeks early." They had to put us up over night, as we just couldn't go home. We attended the meeting anyway, and put on a sort of preview of what would come at our next appearance. It worked out perfectly, for the next time we had a full house.

I've discovered that the first rule in story-telling is that the story should be relevant; it should have some connection with the thing you're talking about. Many's the time I've been asked to come back to the same place twice or three times, and I've always been afraid I'd tell some of the yarns I've told on a previous visit. So I protect myself by telling them the yarn about the man who spoke in the same town three times. He made a good speech the first time; the second time he came, he gave the same speech! The people wondered if he'd try the same speech the third time, and they decided to try him out. After quite a spell they invited him back—any they got the same speech, word for word!

When he had finished the toastmaster got up and said, "Now, brother, you have been here three times. And three times you've given us exactly the same speech. We appreciate that, and we're going to give a little token of our appreciation. I have in my hand a watch-case—a good one, but only the case. If you ever make that speech in this town again, we'll give you the works." I've used that one a dozen times; I advise its use, widely!

FORTY YEARS

A Country Preacher

PART EIGHT

By George B. Gilbert

STORIES

Then there are times when a speaker goes back to a place for the second or third time, when he wants to take up where he left off, I've often used the following story to prepare my listeners for that: There was a farmer's family that had two boys, both of whom they wanted to send to college. These boys were twins—exactly alike—so the none-too-rich parents hit on a happy scheme to get that college education for both their sons. George went to college first; he would go for one term, send the work and the

exams back to brother John. Then John would go for a year and send the work and exams back home to George.

So John went up the second term and his father said to him, "Now, John, don't let them rattle you. You just take up where George left off." John kept thinking of that, when he arrived on the campus. It worked perfectly. He went into George's class, into George's fraternity, into all George's outside activities. He even decided to pay a call on George's girl, who lived down on Faculty Row.

Dressed in his Sunday best, he mounted the professorial porch and rang the bell. The door burst open and out rushed a beautiful girl. She flew into his arms with "Oh, George, George. I thought you were never coming to see me again."

John made the most of that moment. "I know, I know," he cried, taking her in his arms. "I'm not George, but I'll begin right where George left off."

Introductions are sometimes embarrassing. Many times, when I am introduced, the host will speak of my numerous occupations—farmer, minister, barber, etc. That always gives me a chance to tell of the barber who cut his customer all over his face and who tried to patch up the cuts with pieces of brown paper. The man looked at himself in the glass when the torture was over, and he was so mad that the barber feared for his life.

"I'm sorry," said the barber. "I had bad luck with you."

The customer pulled out a dollar bill and passed it over; the barber started to give him back his change when the customer roared, "Keep the change, man, keep the change. It's the first time I've ever met a man who was a barber, a paper-banger and a butcher at the same time."

Stories on the various denominations always go over well, at any sort of gathering, especially at a church gathering. The minister who can crack a joke on his own denomination gets off to a good start. Whenever I speak to Methodists I tell them about the fellow who dropped in, a total stranger, on a Methodist meeting, and heard the preacher announce that after the sermon there would be a special meeting of the Official Board in the room downstairs. The sermon was a bad one, and about two hours long. After the last amen the stranger appeared in the room downstairs. The preacher was embarrassed.

"Er—this is just a little business meeting of the Board, my friend," he stammered.

"I know," replied the stranger. "But I heard you say it was a meeting of the Board, and if there is anyone in this place more bored with that sermon than I was, I'd like to meet him."

City people coming out into the country always know a lot more about farming than the natives; and they always provide a lot of good illustrative material for the country preacher. I know of one city woman who came out our way and sent for a native to help her make a flower garden. He dug out a nice round bed, rounding it up nicely and smoothing it down with a rake. Then he asked, "What are you planning to plant here, ma'am?"

"I plan to put salivas in here," she replied, proudly.

"Salivas? Salivas?" repeated the old farmer. "You don't mean salivas, do you?"

"I mean what I say. Do as you're told,"

He did as he was told; then the city farmerette asked, "Samuel, what would you suggest as a border around this bed?"

"Well, I'll tell you, ma'am," came the answer. "If you're going to have this great big bed of salivas here, I'd suggest that you have a big border of spittonias outside."

I suppose the city folks have their stories about the old farmers coming into town. They tell of one old fellow who took the sleeper from Buffalo to New York City. It was a hot night and he had an upper berth, so he thrust his leg out of the window, trying to keep cool. When he woke up in New York the next morning, he had three mail bags and a red lantern hung on his foot.

Whenever you are called upon to talk about some local job a church or other organization is doing, a job for which they need money, you can strike the funny-



The Country Preacher naturally loves dogs.

This little white poodle is Bijou, his pet for years

bone with the story about the little girl who asked the old man for a dime.

"Will you give me a dime for the Lord," she asked.

"How old are you, my child?" asked the old man.

"I'm nineteen," was the answer.

"Well, I'm sixty-nine, and the chances are that I'll see the Lord long before you will, so I'll give it to Him myself."

Speaking at clubs is a job that calls for a lot of good humor, deftly mixed with a little flag-waving and Fourth-of-July stuff. Whenever you find an up-and-coming Club, congratulate them—and you might start it with the story of the girl who suddenly began to call her boy friend "Pilgrim." Pilgrim this and Pilgrim that, until he cried,

"What's the idea, calling me Pilgrim?"

"Well," replied the young lady, "I don't know why I shouldn't. You sure do make progress every time you come to see me."

Jokes on long sermons or misdirected prayer always find a handclapping response. I often tell my audiences about the little boy who came out of church and

met the hack driver waiting outside.

"Isn't he through yet?" asked the hackman.

"Sure he's through," replied the youngster. "He's been through for a long time, but he doesn't know enough to stop." That may be a good place for you to stop, in your speech.

Last but not least, there is the little girl who prayed for a baby sister. No sister arrived, so she quit praying. But one wild night, twins arrived. Nonplussed, she took to prayer again that very night, saying on her knees, "Oh, Lord, I'm really glad I stopped praying when I did."

I give you these stories by way of illustration. But remember circumstances alter things. A man must use his head when he's on his feet. He can't always crack any joke that pops into his mind; his audience just wouldn't stand for the wrong joke in the wrong place. But remember—the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and the audience loveth a cheerful talk. I'd rather be accused of anything else than of dullness.

DOGS

"Where in the world did you get that dog?" I asked the little boy who lived over on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. He smiled and said,

"Well, I saw a car stop and put this dog out. I heard them say, 'Goodbye, Brownie,' and they drove right off and left him there, in the middle of the road. I picked him up and now he's mine. He follows me everywhere—even to school!"

Good for that boy! I was so glad to hear that that I bought the license for Brownie, so the dog-catcher wouldn't get him. I've bought many a dog license in my day, for many a poor boy, for I think boys and dogs belong together, in the country. Sometimes I let the boys work out the fee on the farm, if they are big enough; otherwise, I just pay it and forget it. But no little boy has lost his dog in my town for want of that license fee. Sometimes I take along a bag of bones in my car for some poor dog on the other side of the tracks, in homes where food comes hard.

I've often pitied the city boy who can't have a dog, for dog-affection in a boy is like doll-affection in a girl. I know of no lovelier sight on this earth than that of a dog running out to meet a crowd of farm children coming home from school. I think God planned it that way.

My experience with dogdom started early, on the old farm in Vermont. As a boy, I had a dog named Curly, a little brown spaniel. This dog and I became fast chums; we would go down to the woods for the cows every night; if Curly was there, I wasn't afraid of the hobgoblins in the woods. We grew up together, and I was heartbroken when he died. He would sit out on the big snow-drift near the barn and wait for me to come home from school. Sometimes, when I was late, he'd go into the house and get warmed up and then come out and take up his watch again. We played over the hills and dales of the old farm; the memory is sweet to me, even yet.

I went to school one morning during the blizzard of '88—there was a blizzard!—and I got snowbound in a house in the village. I stayed in that house just one



week, and on the following Saturday afternoon I heard a mad scratching on the door. I opened it, and there was Curly! The men had shoveled a path to within a quarter of a mile of the house, and Curly had floundered and fought his way from there on. It was a lesson in love that I never forgot.

When I started my mission work we had a little dog named Maida. How that dog loved me! She went with me when I rode my circuit on a bicycle, often on trips of twenty miles or more. Only once was the trip too long; then she just

turned around and left me and trotted home, disgusted. But that happened only once.

Of course she went with me to church. No one was bothered very much for that; they took it for granted that where I was Maida had to be. Mrs. Gilbert was busy at home with the babies, just then, and she never got over appreciating the fact that I could have Maida with me when I couldn't have her.

There was a woman named Butter who lived near the Killingworth Church; the family living in the house before them

was named Grease; thus was I cheered to think the country was improving. She had a German Dachshund named Yudie, and Yudie always came to church with her. He would follow her up to the communion-rail and sit quietly behind her until she was ready to return to her pew.

One Sunday there was a special service, and Mrs. Butter decided that Yudie had better stay home. She locked the dog in the house, making sure of every window bolt and door bolt before she left. As she crossed the bridge near the church, Yudie

(Continued on page 48)



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.. HERE ARE THE JUNIOR STATESMEN OF AMERICA IN ONE OF THEIR SESSIONS AT MONTEZUMA SCHOOL

Let's "Make Politics Noble!"

By
RAY GILES



PROFESSOR ROGERS

IF YOU happened to visit the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island during the final days of June, 1939, you'll remember something electric in the atmosphere. Legislators from all over the Pacific Coast were scurrying to and fro, from one important meeting to another, held in meeting halls, exhibition rooms, and in other buildings on the grounds. For four solid days they assembled to debate and vote on dozens of new proposals including measures to legalize gambling, forbid payment of ransoms to kidnapers, prevent strikes for any reason whatsoever, limit the ages of school teachers, and remove all advertising signs from the highways.

Special addresses were made by George Creel at the request of President Roosevelt, by Edgar G. Muller, Alameda County Superintendent of Schools, Alejandro Carrillo, a political exile from Peru, J. O'Farrell, State Narcotic Officer, J. E. Morgan of the National Educational Association, and others.

Day after day these hardworking public servants talked, thought, ate, and slept politics and better government to the exclusion of everything else. Only on the night of June 29th, when every last item on their agenda had been disposed of with scrupulous care, did they toss their legislative burdens out the window and go larking off to the "Governor's Ball" at the Palace Hotel. If you had looked in on them that night you would probably have rubbed your eyes twice, for never before were such lively "goings-on" seen at a gubernatorial ball since the nation was founded.

After a brief snack of sleep, they were all up with the dawn, shouting goodbyes to one another as they set off for their respective homes and constituencies. Again it was a sight to remember. Imagine the honored governor or lieutenant governor of an opulent commonwealth hitch-hiking his way home! Picture in your mind's eye, if you can, soberminded

state senators prying themselves by half dozens into arthritic old roadsters to return to their electorates!

Well, that, exactly, is what happened. For these politicians are really different from the kind we meet in the newspapers, most of them being eighteen years of age or younger. The fact is that they came to San Francisco as representatives of student groups in twenty-four high schools on the Pacific Coast. For this was the third annual convention of the Junior Statesmen of America, an organization that is doing things for American democracy that promise a better crop of citizens than we have had for generations.

Launched modestly in late 1934, Junior Statesmen chapters are now scattered throughout California and sprinkled in and about Seattle, Washington. Calls for help to organize additional chapters are coming from Idaho, Minneapolis, Louisiana, Arizona, Nevada. As the news passes from high school to high school and crosses state boundaries, requests for in-

formation are arriving from other states in all parts of the Union. In the Dominion, wide-awake Canadian boys and girls have adapted the idea to their own needs and set up a junior government of their own, headed by a Prime Minister. If the Canadian examinations in schools hadn't come so late in June, he, and some of his associates, would have been at the Golden Gate meetings too. So Junior Statesmen is making the traditional friendship of two great countries warmer still.

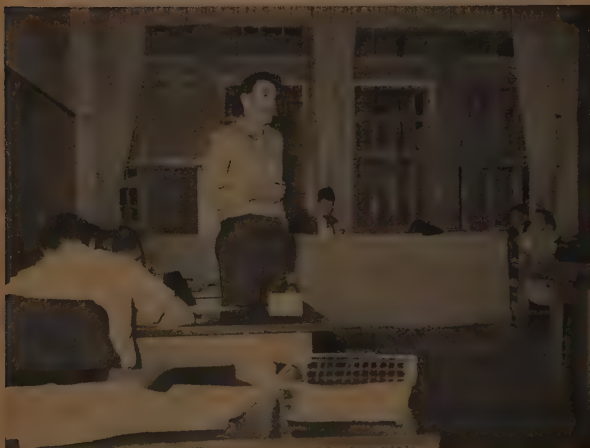
While enthusiasm soars to its highest flames at the yearly conventions, it blazes steadily all through the school year. Every week members in each chapter meet faithfully to a battle cry that is both astonishing and inspiring: "Make Politics a Noble Profession!" Can mere boys and girls do a thing like that? They're certainly trying. Travel up and down the coast and you'll find that wherever they've organized, local and state officials are watching them warily, respectfully, and with appraising eyes. You hear tales of how parents, school teachers, business and professional men, and other blasé adult voters are being inoculated anew with large shots of Americanism and democracy, and of how the American way is being revitalized as Junior Statesmen not only set out to prepare themselves to become better citizens but actually take steps which result in better living and political conditions in their cities and communities.

It wouldn't be surprising if Junior Statesmen chapters were flourishing all over the country by next New Year's eve. And if that comes to pass, only a few years more and this determined new youth movement may prove to be the most practical experiment yet made to keep the United States exactly as we want it to be.

It all started one November night in 1934, around the fireplace of Professor E. A. Rogers, president of the Montezuma Mountain School for Boys, at Los Gatos, California. This well-known educator had long pondered the fact that boys and



GOVERNOR ALLEN ALBERTSON SIGNS A BILL



SENATOR CARLETON CROSS ADDRESSES THE SENATE



PRESS ROOM IN THE LEGISLATURE'S QUARTERS AT CASTLEMONT SCHOOL

girls of high school age are highly idealistic, hopeful, interested in life and their country, and eager to make a go of their nation as well as of their private lives and business or professional careers.

He felt that in that fact dwelt a rich promise for the United States if only the force of this idealism could be harnessed to some program of making better citi-

zens for tomorrow. But he'd never seen quite what to do about it. Then something happened.

Some of his own boys came to him one afternoon urging him to invite a few students from nearby high schools to sit before his fireplace for a bull session about government and the international outlook. When the night arrived, visitors from seven schools came in a bit sheepishly but definitely interested. Maybe it was the burning logs that thawed them out and got their minds working, just as fireplaces have done for ages. Anyway, there they were, and the more they discussed world conditions the more they felt that something should be done about them, and a start made right at home.

Someone got an idea that was as practicable as an old shoe horn. "Why not," ran the inspiration, "create Junior State and National Governments of our own? We can all be voters. We will nominate and elect junior governors and legislators. First, we'll duplicate in miniature our own California government. In that process we'll learn through first-hand experience what makes the wheels go round and what might be done to make our state a better place to live in."

Professor Rogers doesn't remember whose idea it was, but he insists very decidedly that it came from the boys themselves. Of course he liked it. It sounded like the answer to that desire he'd had for years to team up youthful idealism with government and the responsibilities of becoming a real citizen. And now the boys around him were seeing that such a goal was more important than it had ever been before. They were

telling one another that with the overthrow of democratic regimes in many countries, they must begin to learn for themselves just what is meant by democracy, and how it functions, and why it enriches human existence, if that kind of government was to continue in the United States.

It wasn't long before chapters of Junior Statesmen were being organized in half a dozen schools. Girls, as well as boys, responded with enthusiasm and a willingness to put their shoulders to the wheel. With that slogan about making politics noble always before them, these pre-age voters began to examine their candidates with the forthright criticism which only youth can turn upon youth. And it wasn't all picnicking.

As in adult affairs, there were disillusioning moments. Candidates were sometimes revealed as rascals at heart in last moment denouncements. Write-in ballots threw out nominees who'd thought they had it in the bag. Even impeachment has been mentioned by disgruntled juvenile voters who didn't like what they voted for when they saw the results. But they saw nothing to make them prefer any other form of government to democracy, so they set out to make it work better and better.

On Washington's Birthday, 1935, their first public convention was held in Galileo High School in San Francisco. The real mayor of that city came gladly to address them. Similar meetings followed in Los Angeles, Oakland, Hayward, and elsewhere. The first Junior California government was set up during the following spring. The winning candidates journeyed to Sacramento to be sworn into office by the Honorable Frank C. Jordan, California's Secretary of State.

On the first anniversary of the organization, Professor Rogers and four student speakers addressed several hundred social science teachers in Oakland who liked the program so well that they returned to their various schools urging their classes to join up. This meant more than lip homage, for the teachers knew well enough that they'd be asked to donate some of their own precious spare time to act as local sponsors and attend meetings.

In June of the same year forty-five elected junior state officials met for their first annual convention in Yosemite National Park. They chose Yosemite, intending to enjoy its grandeur during their off hours, but they became so engrossed in legislative deliberations that they might as well have met in a desert. They had only time for a glimpse at the inspiring falls, the friendly bears, and the sheared-off stone walls standing around them, for they were too busy examining the weaknesses of their state government and passing laws to regulate automobile headlights, impose mental and physical tests on candidates for marriage, and distributing taxation more equably among the different classes of wage earners and property owners.

The organization has grown rapidly, solidly, and entirely on its own merit and initiative. No "angel" has financed it; no outside group has been able to horn in. The project is built into the regular school curriculum for an obvious and excellent reason; it enables every student

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to belong even if he has to work at home or in some part-time job after school hours.

At their weekly meetings, members study the State and Federal Constitutions. They review and argue measures that are currently before the State Legislature, and the Congress of the United States. Sometimes, after a dead-end debate, they'll telephone the nearest adult legislator or the official most concerned with a proposed new law, to ask questions. They may date him up for a group discussion in his office. When you hear things like that you can't help wondering what is going to happen if they carry on this kind of thing when they get a real ballot in their hands!

One of their most ardently fought campaigns in California is to "Keep Youth Out of Crime!" Everywhere they've organized they study the statistics of juvenile delinquency. They call in professional criminologists for consultation. They act as well as think. Take one of their achievements in Oakland, as an example. Junior Statesmen in Castlemont High School discovered that one of the most congested sections of that city had no recreational facilities for children. They knew that lack was a potential crime breeder. Student speakers pleaded the need so eloquently before groups of senior citizens that a play center was created and Oakland became an even better city to live in.

A quick look at their State Bulletin on Crime shows the spirit and thoroughness they bring to all their activities. Bill Hall, Chairman of the California State Committee on Crime Research, has five scattered sub-chairmen: Jeanne Farmer, in charge of Central California; Lillian Kahan, for Metropolitan Oakland; Sylvia Berry, for Metropolitan Los Angeles; and Vernon Gomes for the Santa Clara Area. Douglas Barrett is in charge of Research in the State Files at Sacramento.

Then each chapter has its own "crime-busters" who gather all available information concerning their home towns which is forwarded to the State Chairman to be checked against material picked up at the state capitol. Weekly reports are demanded to make sure the work goes on.

Those who enlist to lessen crime must also do considerable reading. From J. Edgar Hoover telling facts and arguments have been gathered for use by student orators who appear before adult service clubs. Each chapter has its own Speakers' Bureau which goes after grown-ups, hammer and tongs, to awaken the whole community to sore spots which need treatment.

In a certain city, whose name will be mercifully veiled in secrecy, Junior Statesmen debated an important local issue without getting anywhere. They decided that an open forum would be helpful, especially if they could gather an adult audience to supplement their own. So they rounded up near and distant relatives, friends and strangers. Then they went to the local Democratic and Republican bosses and asked them to outline their programs on the issue at the public meeting. After both politicians spoke they were bombarded with such pertinent and embarrassing questions that they became badly rattled. Their gross inefficiency as public servants was so ap-

parent that the Junior Statesmen and their grown up guests realized that the need to "Make Politics a Noble Profession" wasn't merely a slogan but a burning and immediate need.

To my question, "What is the best proof of the vitality and endurance of the Junior Statesmen?" Professor Rogers replied, "In the first place, remember that the organization was founded by the boys themselves. At every stage of development the youngsters have done most of the work. They wrote their own constitution. You've noticed how serious they are about their meetings. Well, let me quote Paul Smith of the San Francisco *Chronicle* who, after giving a forty-five minute talk, was kept three hours longer to answer questions. He said to me, 'I have never been challenged like that before. Those youngsters act more like college seniors than like high school students.'"

The vitality of their ideal is proved by another fact; so many members have wanted to continue their memberships after graduating from high school that alumni are now allowed to organize chap-



MY NEIGHBORS

Beneath my casement window,
Where breezes love to play,
Two tiny builders have a home,
I saw it just today!
They both have shining jewels
On neck and back and throat;
They dart among the flowers,
But never sing a note.

Their house is built of lichens,
Of grass and twigs and hair,
But lined with downy softness
For the babies lying there.
The slender bough, a cradle,
Rocked gently by the breeze;
Two hummingbirds, my neighbors,
As happy as you please!

—Mary Day Guthrie



ters of their own. Thus junior statesmanship is spreading to the colleges. The value of these older members' experience is acknowledged by high school members in an interesting way. Graduate or associate members are the only grand old men allowed to sit on the bench of the Junior State Supreme Court, and they'll be the only ones to compose the Junior United States Supreme Court when it's organized. They will also make up half of the Junior United States Senate and will be allowed to run for the Presidency and the Vice Presidency of the United States.

Junior Statesmen insist upon having local teacher-sponsors, one to each chapter, partly because they are out to raise the moral standards of youth. They have an old-fashioned conviction that chaperonage provides one of the best possible safeguards against the critics who are always suspecting young folks of this or that impropriety when they meet by themselves. As an organization, they have voted unanimously against smoking or drinking at their meetings, and the rule has never been broken.

The list of their national sponsors reads like samplings from *Who's Who*. They hail from Boston, New Orleans, Washington, D. C., Baltimore, and other cities far from the Pacific Coast. There are eminent educators, statesmen, industrialists, editors, financiers, welfare workers. Among them are Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Honorable Charles G. Johnson, State Treasurer of California, and United States Senator Charles L. McNary.

When you talk with sponsors you hear testimonials, based on personal contact, which explain why the movement is growing so solidly. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University, says, "Participation in the discussion of the problems that citizens meet is the best way to develop interest in good citizenship. There is great promise in this direction in the plans of the Junior Statesmen." California State Senator Sanborn Young prophesies, "If the Junior Statesmen carry out the ideals of their program they will make the most constructive contribution of this decade to the future citizenship of our country."

The local teacher-sponsors, through continuous participation in meetings, can talk even more definitely. Typical of their findings is the comment made by Ethel M. Shewmaker, who has served for two years as teacher-sponsor in Castlemont High School. She says, "It has been a great joy to work with the young people on the projects they have chosen and to see evidences of real development in them. We have had numerous opportunities for sponsorship by outside organizations, but always with 'strings' attached, political or otherwise. Several so-called 'youth movements' have tried to enlist our help, but in every instance careful investigation has shown such organizations to be definitely undemocratic, if not out-and-out antisocial in character.

"The great tidal wave of 'isms' and un-American doctrines is so much in evidence today that adults are bewildered. Therefore, it is increasingly apparent that a real need exists among young and impressionable high school students for a constructive and practical program to train them for democratic citizenship."

While freshmen are heartily welcomed, juniors and seniors are usually more responsive to the idea, so members' ages run mostly from fifteen to eighteen. Chapters fluctuate in size because senior members are so numerous that graduation time depletes the membership rosters pretty badly now and then; but in California as many as 8000 boys and girls have belonged at one time.


To start a chapter you go through a simple procedure. First, of course, you must gather a few like-minded friends in your own school who are interested. To understand the program fully you need a copy of the Official Handbook, obtainable by sending a quarter to the Junior Statesmen Foundation, Montezuma School, Los Gatos, California.

Next, permission to organize should be secured from the principal of the school in which the chapter will be born. Then comes your real membership drive. Experience proves that from twenty to thirty members should be secured to insure a good work- (Continued on page 59)

The Zoo attendant has to climb a ladder to feed Mr. Giraffe. Below, left, is our friend, the Skink, only this is the giant variety, not found in America. At right, a fine specimen of American Elk, in his native habitat

What Is a SKINK?

By Raymond L. Ditmars

 AS one of my later assignments after I became a reporter on *The Times*, the paper sent me to interview Dr. William T. Hornaday, the Director of a new-born enterprise with the formidable title of The New York Zoological Park.

The journey to the then remote Bronx ended at a cabin, where I was told about future elephant, lion, monkey and reptile houses, deer and buffalo ranges. What I saw were rows of surveying stakes and men digging for a foundation. It all seemed a long way off, but made a good story. The conversation ended with me telling about my snakes. Probably as a result of the "snake talk" I was several weeks later offered a position on the staff of the Park. I accepted with alacrity.

I found the new collection to consist only of a bear cub and a wolf pup. There was also one snapping turtle in a tin bathtub. These were gifts in advance of the buildings. As the Zoological Society had decided to build the reptile house first a fine building went up in a hurry. At once I proudly presented my entire collection of snakes.

I now faced a fascinating situation. The Society had plenty of money. Its Director told me to order all the interesting reptiles I could think of. Imagine a boy of twenty-two turned loose on a job like that! I had weighed every dollar in buying specimens for my own collection; but here was the world to write to and a generous fund to cover the costs. Eagerly I dispatched letters to the New and Old World tropics and to scores of animal dealers. There were letters to government agents, explorers, missionaries and captains of steamers touching at remote points.

Meanwhile I went down to the great river swamps of the Savannah and came back with over five hundred pounds of reptiles, with weights of crates deducted; also I brought a fine case of malaria, all

my own. Among this series of several hundred reptiles there were twenty distinct kinds. They ranged in size from diamond rattlers to ring snakes no larger than a worm.

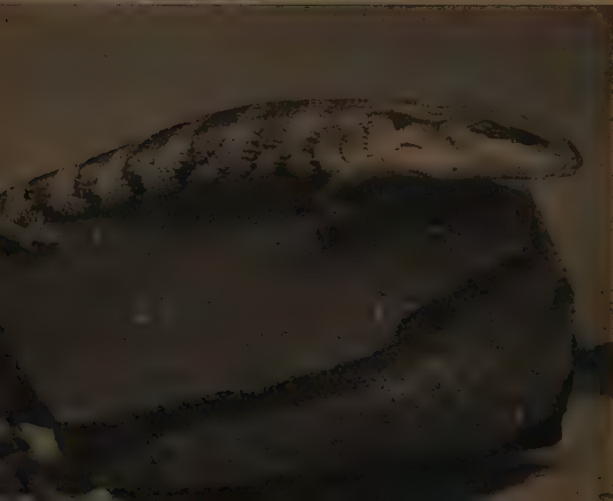
Exotic material literally flowed into the Park. One day, after unpacking several cargoes, I proudly telephoned Dr. Hornaday's office and suggested that he come to the reptile house and look things over. He did, but he was rather appalled at the array of poisonous serpents. Great glass cases along a whole side of the building were given over to them. In a single row was a representative series of the reptilian devilry of the world. There were cobras, kraits, coral snakes, Australian death adders, bushmasters, buzzing groups of rattlers and specimens of the fer-de-lance. Dr. Hornaday congratulated me, but implored that in the name of heaven I watch those sinuous terrors like a lynx, so that none got away. But I had thought of that awful possibility and from the first schooled my keepers into solemn feeling of their responsibility. In the thirty years of the Park no dangerous serpent has ever escaped.

Today the New York Zoological Park consists of 524 acres of magnificently laid out and wooded land. Our thousands of living specimens are housed in the finest homes and live in the greatest luxury that money and science can devise. Our zoo is one of the finest things of the sort the world has ever seen. Millions of dollars have been expended on its growth and upkeep. More than 2,000,000 people visit it every year. It is designed for a city with a population of 25,000,000!

The institution is founded on what is called the "New York Plan" of developing great public educational institutions on a basis which utilizes to the utmost private philanthropy and the taxpayers' cooperation. And because it promulgates interest and sympathy in the rapidly vanishing



All photos courtesy New York Zoological Society





wild life of our globe it is one of the sound social activities of modern life.

Naturally, one supposes that the scientific staff of such an institution would follow a routine of strict and scholarly dignity. A good deal of the time we do. But "the sky is the limit" when we don't. For instance, one morning my secretary put her hand over the telephone so that the party at the other end could not hear what she said.

"It's a lady and she insists on speaking to you personally."

I glanced up wearily from the scientific report I was working on which was already overdue. "Is it important?" I asked.

"Must be, judging from the tone."

I took the receiver. Yes, the lady's voice was worried. Mental pictures of a pet monkey in hysterics, a dog with rabies, even a bear gone mad and terrifying a whole neighborhood, flashed across my mind.

A Skink

This species of lizard lives in hot sandy places; several species are found in North America. It has been known to man since the most ancient times, and was once thought to possess valuable medicinal properties. Savage tribes regarded it as an antidote to poison. The head and feet of skinks were imported to Rome in large quantities, preserved in white wine, to be used later as medicine. It has a conical head and round, tapering tail; is reddish brown with darker cross-bands above, white underneath; its length is six to seven inches.

"Please help me, Dr. Ditmars," entered the voice in my ear. "I hate to bother you. But there is no one else in town."

I thought rapidly. Must be snake bite. This happens to be one of my specialties. I glanced up at the shelf where the serums were kept. My eye swung to the clock. It was nearly noon. The traffic would be bad. I couldn't make a rush without a motor-cycle escort.

"There is absolutely no one else I know," the unhappy voice went on, "who can tell me the name of an animal in five letters that is a reptile and is spelled some-

thing like *skunk*, but can't be because a skunk isn't a reptile, and—"

"Hello," I interrupted. "Hello. You mean a 'skink'!"

With an involuntary growl of anger I hung up. But my secretary's smile of sympathy took the edge off my indignation. She knew as well as I that it was all in the day's work for the staff of the New York Zoological Park to be the court of last resort for baffled cross-word puzzle workers!

Inquiry about a "skink" is only the mildest sort of irregularity that may turn up in one of our days. The keeper of the giraffes comes in wearing a worried look and fumbles nervously with his cap. In hurried words he informs me that our finest specimen is going to die if we don't do something in a hurry. The keeper has done what he could.

Somewhat puzzled at just what is the matter I permit myself to be led out to the giraffe enclosures. Sure enough old Long-Neck does look a little pale and droopy.

"It's that column," says the keeper, pointing to a piece of decorative iron-work far above our heads in the wall of the cage. "He keeps on licking the paint off it and he's getting poisoned."

Not being sure of the dietetic effect of paint on the stomach of a giraffe I agree that we must put an end to the practice at once. We send for the carpenter. After a council of war we design a special net that will gently but firmly prevent Mr. Giraffe from committing suicide.

Through a branch telephone, I am hurriedly recalled to my office. I find there one of our men whom I have sent out a few hours before to pick up a raccoon which had been donated to us by some public-spirited citizen. At least that's what I understood from the cryptic message I had received.

From a fiber packing case on the floor of my office suddenly comes a startling series of snorts and snarls. The case trembles, jumps a few inches into the air, and presently falls on its side as if it were possessed by a devil. In fact it is possessed by a devil of a wild beast which is protesting in no uncertain terms at its imprisonment.

"Well, I did what you said to do," the man tells me, glaring balefully first at the packing case and then at me.

I feel guilty. "You went to the address they gave us?"

"I sure did," exploded the man. "And what do you think it was?"



Mr. Orang Outan, left, is enjoying his breakfast or is it lunch? At any rate he is enjoying it. To the right—look out, that's a Mexican moccasin, and he's a bad actor. Below him is part of the Reptile House in the Bronx Zoo—that is, the New York Zoological Park.

"A private house?" I murmur.

"Private nothing! It was an undertaker's shop!"

A fresh outburst of jumps and growls comes from the packing case. Making sure that the unruly prisoner cannot break out, we push him through the door so that we can talk.

"And where do you think this wildcat was? I mean this 'coon with a wildcat's disposition. He was in a coffin! A coffin, mind you. A coffin!"

It is a startling and unique case. My impulse is to take my pencil and make notes, heading the situation with a caption something like: "Raccoon found with dead body." But as the facts come out I begin to see light. What had really happened was that when my man got to the undertaking parlors he was directed into the cellar. He entered in some trepidation. By a dim light he saw a lot of big boxes that were not coffins, but coffin "containers." Out of one of these was peeping the sly face of a terrified raccoon.

I infer that the boxes had been cut and assembled at the sawmill. A nomadic 'coon chanced by just before shipping time and took up his residence in the box. Before he knew what happened he was nailed up and on his way to New York. My man took quick measure of the situation and borrowed a pair of leather mittens from a horse driver who was in the small

(Continued on page 62)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



The American Way

SOMEONE has said that the discovery of the Americas was due to the fact that the Old World was compelled to find new gold with which to maintain its absolute systems of life. That may be true. But those who laid the foundations of North America—the intrepid Pilgrims of Massachusetts, the indomitable Dutch of Manhattan, and all those others of like spiritual breed who companioned their adventures—came not to find gold but, as another has said, “To discover God.” It was in such a quest that freedom achieved a New World, a new world of incomparable physical frontiers; but incomparably a new world for freedom. Here Christianity and democracy have risen side by side. They have gone forward and prospered together. Free speech, a free press, free schools, free education, and free worship, have united to make of the American form of democracy in this republic a comprehensive and ever-increasing achievement of all races and all faiths.

Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, has just celebrated its ninety-sixth anniversary. Bucknell was founded by three people—two families who met in a log schoolhouse which was fifteen feet long. These three held their organizing session after a prayer meeting. They stated as their purpose the providing of means to educate men for the Gospel ministry. It is peculiar to the history of the American form of government that the first academies and colleges were raised upon spiritual foundations and almost without exception with the primary purpose of giving leadership to the Church. Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, Brown, and the rest beyond space to number them here, were all Christian institutions of higher learning and had religion and Christian leadership as the primary reason for their being. Equally significant it is that in this free America the separation of church and state was never questioned. That was among the “first things” of the fathers; that was sacred. Whatever the play for power in other particulars of federation and in the creation of those first constitutional processes, freedom of worship, religious freedom, was never seriously questioned. This was and is the American way.

TODAY, we witness strange spectacles and listen to arguments that have a strange sound. There are times when one might conclude from the press, and even from the pulpit, that big business, or big labor, or big sports, or big crime, or big defense, or big charity, or big debt—that any of these or all of these—are the American way. My thesis suffers some embarrassment, for all of these are with us today and in each of these may be something of the spirit of America. But I affirm that not one of these nor all of these together constitute the American way.

The way of America is the way of opportunity; opportunity for all but with a generous regard for the opportunity and rights each of the other. Someone has said that America's choice now is between competition and cooperation; that capitalism, which is competition, is challenged by cooperation which some define as Communism, others as Socialism, and yet others as brotherhood or Christianity as of the ethic of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. But again I wonder, for generalities which may be an inviting way out may be also composed of sophistries and half-truths. For instance, in my reading of history I have observed that inevitably where personal property rights have been sacrificed or disregarded, personal liberty itself and very life have been disregarded and sacrificed. I cannot be safe if that which I won, however little or great my ownings may be, is not safe. Nor can I delegate my sovereignty, as a free and voting citizen to any group or plan, whatever the worthy object to be achieved, without denying the American way. (Continued on page 61)

The Face at the Window

A COLD wind blew around the little brown house but not as chilling as the cold fear in the hearts of the young mother, father, sister and brothers in that humble home. Kenneth, the beloved baby brother lay stricken with nasal diphtheria. Quarantined in the front rooms were mother and the baby; four brothers, father and I lived in the other rooms.

The kindly family doctor had done all he could—slowly the minutes dragged by. I tried to pray, remembering all of the words taught at Sunday School. Looking sadly out of the window, I saw a well known figure coming from the church, across the vacant lots, to our house. Nearer and nearer came our beloved pastor.

He stood outside the window and from my room I heard him say, “I am not afraid to come into the sick room, but the quarantine laws will not permit me to do so; but God is with you and will give you strength and courage. Let us pray.” And then he prayed and the words entered our hearts and the peace that passeth understanding took place of chilling fear. He left but returned later in the day bringing us hope and faith in a loving Heavenly Father.

The doctor returned, and through the door I heard him say: “There is a new medicine that has just been discovered called antitoxin. It has never been tried in our city except on some guinea pigs. But your baby is dying—there is one chance in a thousand that this new medicine will cure him. Are you willing to take the chance?” Mother and father, realizing that there was no alternative, consented.

So mother held the baby while the doctor administered the medicine. Looking up they saw the face at the window and heard the prayer of our pastor as he asked God's blessing on the tiny sufferer and for greater faith for all of us.

I left the house and sought a haven in the old woodshed where upon my knees I poured out my heart to God.

Mother held the baby in her arms for forty-eight hours after that medicine had been given. No nurse nor any member of the family was entrusted to hold that precious little body. Again and again in those hours came the face at the window and the life-giving prayers were repeated.

The doctor returned several times and just when it seemed that we could not bear another minute of strain he turned to mother and said, “A miracle has taken place—your baby will live.”

Again I sought the woodshed my sanctuary and God must have smiled with me in my joy.

Sunday came and I was permitted to return to Sunday School. It was always good to go but this Sunday I especially wanted to be there. The teacher told us a story about Jesus healing the blind boy and she called it a miracle. Before, that word had had no meaning, but now I knew—I had seen a miracle. Then I wondered what Jesus looked like and as I thought on it there came clearly before me the face at the window—the face of our beloved pastor, Charles M. Sheldon.

From that day on I clearly understood the ministry of Jesus and His miracles because one who followed in His steps had prayed at our window.

Mabel Adams Spear



© Ewing Galloway

The Bidassoa (International) bridge between France and Spain, from a point near Hendaye, on the French side, to Irun. Both these towns figured prominently in the Spanish War news

We Reach Spain

IT WAS hard to believe that Penn and I actually had succeeded in leaving England. That sounds as if we had been eager to leave, but this is not so. Devon is very deeply home to both of us, and the feeling that we were departing, without knowing when or how we could return, saddened us both. However, we sank into our seats in the plane with great sighs of thankfulness.

We had a beautiful, smooth ride to the French airport on the outskirts of Paris. We came down on the grassy field as softly and easily as a sea gull settles on the waves. In London we had left a fog; France was indulging in a pale, yellow daylight that might have been called sunshine. We expected another thoroughgoing examination of ourselves and our thirty pounds of luggage when we entered France, but I imagine there was some sort of understanding between the two countries because, having got our exit permit at the English airport, the French airport dealt with us gently. Our papers were looked at perfunctorily; our baggage was glanced at and our permission chalked across the suitcases. And then we were free to make our way into the city.

Two years before my sister and I, with our children, had stopped in Paris at a small but very gay and busy hotel near the Tuileries. It was now barely noon, and as our train did not leave until eight o'clock that night for Lisbon, I decided that Penn and I had better go to this hotel for the intervening period. We took a taxicab, and after a long ride were dropped at the familiar hotel. But not so very familiar after all. Some of the windows were shuttered and there was nei-

ther commissionnaire nor porter to greet us as we emerged from the taxi. We tried the door and found it open. Carrying our own bags, we walked into the lobby. It was entirely deserted. We waited a few moments, and then from the rear came the manager who asked us what we wanted. I explained our situation.

"You are most welcome to a room, Madame," he said, "but, except for a few rooms, the war has closed our hotel. We have no patronage whatever. The dining room has been shut for more than a month."

"This is very hard on you, is it not?" I exclaimed.

He shrugged his shoulders. "War," he said, "is a very hard affair."

The elevators were not running, but he showed us to a comfortable room on the next floor and told us where to find a small restaurant suitable for ladies. We thanked him, and after prinking up a little—as one should in Paris—we went out into the street.

It was bitter, bitter cold, and a high wind whirled dust and papers in our faces. We had no difficulty finding the restaurant and there we made a fairly good meal on little meat pies and tea. After lunch we decided to take a walk up one of the famous boulevards where we remembered the shops as particularly ravishing. But, alas, our boulevard was almost as depressing as our hotel. Half the shops were closed and the streets half deserted. One saw only elderly men and women and an occasional soldier.

What with the deserted shops and the intense cold and the extreme exhaustion that follows influenza, I was soon ready



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré
Morrow

to return to the hotel. So I left Penn to wander about and went back to our room. I stood for a moment at the window, looking out into the empty street and then I went to bed, saying as I stretched myself out, with a groan of comfort and sadness, "So this is Paris!"

Penn was absent not more than an hour. She came in wearily, saying "It's all so horrible. How perfectly marvelous it will be to reach Lisbon and be in the hands of Americans again."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's really what's pulling me through—the thought that three days from now we'll be on an American plane and nobody will question our right to be there."

"Well," said Penn, "no matter if we still have difficulties between here and Lisbon, the fact that we are going to have that flight on the Clipper is more than compensation, I can tell you. I can't believe I'm such a lucky person as to have that wonderful flight. I feel like the first pioneers must have felt making their first trip across the continent."

Again I agreed. "I never thought," I said, "that I would be able to get any more thrills out of the physical side of traveling, but I feel like a girl going to her first ball!"

Penn got out her Pan American folder and again studied the route and the pictures of the beautiful plane.

Then she went off to the magnificent bath room, which went with our room, and had a soul-satisfying hour of prinking.

I was a little uneasy about our lack of gas masks, but there was risk in everything when one is in the war zone, and I had constantly before me the fact that, since England had forbidden each of us to take more than \$50 out of the country, the expense even of a gas mask must be carefully considered.

However, the afternoon passed quietly and we took the advice of the hotel manager and started off for the Austerlitz station an hour and a half earlier than was necessary to make our train. He said that in case there was an air raid that evening, we might be very much delayed in getting to the station—which I thought was a mild way of putting it—and that after all we were quite as safe in the station as we were in the hotel. He charged us the equivalent of a dollar for the beautiful room and bath and bade us "God speed."

We reached the station without incident after a half hour's ride in a taxicab and were thankful to find that, though we

(Continued on page 56)



May, 1940

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1

MORE THAN CORONETS

"BE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."

READ EPHESIANS 4:25-32.

"KIND hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Tennyson's lines do not seem very radical to our democratic ideas. Yet they are as true as they were radical. The world can well do without coronets. Norman blood is no longer at a premium. Kindness was never more needed. With men's minds filled with jealousy, suspicion, and hate; with their souls fretted with anxiety, and cares, and bewildered by the adversities of life, a kind word, some generous interest, a friendly smile or an expression of good will are like water to the thirsty or bread to the hungry. Have you noticed how many times Jesus did simply the kind thing?

O Lord, while we cannot do Thy mighty works, Thou hast put kindness and grace within reach. Help us to cheer some heart today. In Thy name, Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 2

SPRING FEVER

"O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE."

READ PSALM 55:1-16.

WE ARE spent with a long winter. Our nerves are on edge. Our stores of energy are depleted. That is why we long to get away from it all, and to look on the open skies, or feast our eyes on the pageant of Nature. But though that may be impossible, the mind can turn to its God, and in Him find courage, renewal, and reinvigoration. Memory conjures up pictures of soaring mountains? Then as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people. You hear again the deep music of the ocean billows? Then recall that God casts our sins in the depths of the sea.

The tempo of life has quickened. Its demands exhaust us. Breathe Thy strength into our souls. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 3

FORGIVEN!

"BLOTOUT THE HANDWRITING."

READ COLOSSIANS 2:16-15.

IAN MACLAREN tells of a Scottish girl who had wandered from home. In

his anger and shame, her father had blotted out her name from the family Bible. But at last she returned, weary and penitent. The old man had relented, and he was now eager to forgive her. Yet he could not forgive himself. Bracing himself, he showed her what he had done in haste. The girl looked aghast. Then seeing the remorse in her father's face, she took the pen and wrote: "Flora Campbell, missed April, 1873; found September, 1873 . . . Her father fell on her neck and kissed her." Our Heavenly Father blots out our sins, and writes our names in the Book of Life. Praise God!

For Thine infinite mercy, Thine unfailing love, we bless Thee. Grant us grace to live for Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 4

BE TRUE TO THE LIGHT

"WALK IN THE LIGHT."

READ I JOHN 1:1-9.

A YOUNG man, belonging to a wealthy family of India, went to London. He was anxious to be received by society, so he bought expensive clothes, studied the social graces, and plunged into a life of selfish frivolity and futile gaiety. Then suddenly the light came. Who earned that money? By whose sweat was his vain life possible? The half-fed poor of his own land? He renounced it all. He became the champion of the illiterate, the outcast, the untouchable, until he shook India to its foundations. His name? Mahatma Gandhi. Dare we live for self when we should live for Christ? Are we living according to His will?

O Christ, who didst die for us, help us daily to live for Thee. So shall Thy will be our supreme aim. In Thy name we ask it, Amen.

SUNDAY, MAY 5

THE GUEST AT THE DOOR

"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR."

READ REVELATION 3:14-22.

HOLMAN HUNT'S masterpiece, "The Light of the World," is widely known. We see the figure of Christ, standing before the door, His hand outstretched to knock. But look at the Saviour Himself. Upon His brow is the golden crown of kingship, interwoven with a crown of thorns, bursting into leaf, indicating sac-

riifice and resurrection. He wears a long, white garment symbolizing holiness. From the shoulders falls a richly wrought cloak, denoting His sovereignty. The lamp in His left hand is fastened to the wrist with a golden cord. He and the light are inseparable. But the whole suggests what? That Christ awaits admission, to our hearts and His coming brings blessing and love.

Forgive us that we are content to keep Thee outside our lives, O Lord. Help us to give Thee Thy rightful place.

MONDAY, MAY 6

THE DOOR OF THE SOUL

"HEAR MY VOICE AND OPEN THE DOOR."

READ JOHN 10:1-11.

LOOK at the door in Holman Hunt's picture to which we referred yesterday. It is fast-closed. The untrodden rank grass before the threshold, the tall, defiant weeds, the close-clinging ivy over the hinges, prove that it has not been opened for a long time. But why no latch? Did the artist forget that? No; he meant to suggest that the latch was inside. The door must be opened from within. It is only when the soul consents to hear the Divine voice and responds that the Lord can enter. But when He is welcomed into all our life, what gladness He brings.

*"O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore."*

TUESDAY, MAY 7

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

"WHO HATH DESPISED THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS?"

READ MATTHEW 25:24-30.

ALTHOUGH our gifts are small, our chances few, and our lives limited, we can still do something for God and man. A kettle, boiling on the stove, gave Watt the idea which resulted in the steam-engine. A flash of lightning, a boy's kite, and Franklin had proved something about electricity. A line of washing, billowing in the wind suggested the balloon which, in turn, prepared for the Zeppelin. A spider, swinging his thread between two trees gave the idea of a suspension bridge. So a kindly word, going out of one's way to render some service, may be used by God to bring

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

immeasurable good to the world by blessing some life.

We thank Thee, O Father, that Thou dost deign to use the lowliest gifts to further Thy purposes. Make us ever responsive to Thy will. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

CHRIST THE SUPREME

"NOT I, BUT CHRIST."

READ GALATIANS 2:17-21.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON was a famous episcopal clergyman in England. But his desire had been to be a soldier. His family had served its country so. Young Robertson was appointed an officer of the Dragoon Guards. Proudly he donned his uniform and buckled on his sword. Turning to admire himself in the mirror, suddenly something happened. He heard the call of Christ to devote himself to a higher cause. He took off his sword. He divested himself of his resplendent uniform, and resumed his civilian clothes. Then he wrote his resignation. One of his biographers wittily says that Robertson's first funeral service was his own. He buried the soldier, but Christ's servant was born.

Give us strength to dedicate our daily service to Thee, that Thy will may be supreme. In Christ's name, Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 9

COALS OF FIRE

"IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER . . ."

READ ROMANS 12:14-21.

WE ARE all human. We feel things. That is why we are often disposed to get even with those who wrong us. A schoolboy complained to his minister about the way other boys were mean to him. "Have you tried heaping coals of fire on their heads?" "No," replied the boy. "But that's an idea. Only, how am I to get hot coals to where they are?" He missed the point. But we know what the Apostle means. To repay an injury with kindness, to reward meanness with generous sympathy, to be gracious even to the malicious, is to pay them back, not in their own coin, but in the coin of Christ.

O Thou who didst pray even for Thy murderers, give us grace to show by love that we are Thine. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 10

ARE YOU SHOD?

"HAVING YOUR FEET SHOD."

READ EPHESIANS 6.

PAUL had listened, many a time, to the regular tramp of mailed legions. The heavy-nailed sandals of the Roman soldiers had enabled them to march many a mile, and to stand firm in difficult positions. Their feet were shod. We sometimes watched the men shoeing army mules. Semi-wild, the only way was to rope an animal's feet, and while one man sat on its head, two others

fastened on the shoes. But once shod, those mules could outlast any horse. Have we been equipped to follow Him who went about doing good. Are our feet shod?

O Christ, give us divine fitness for life's way, that we may follow Thee, and so guide others into life. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 11

SLEEPING BEAUTY

"AWAKE OUT OF SLEEP."

READ ROMANS 13:7-14.

YOU remember the legend of the Sleeping Beauty? The fair princess lay in heavy slumber. In the palace, her parents, the courtiers, and the servants, were all fast asleep. Then came the dashing young prince. Wonderingly he passed from room to room. He stood beside the lovely princess. Involuntarily, he laid his lips on her brow. At once she awoke. The palace sprang into life, and the normal activities were resumed. Something similar has happened in Nature. Beauteous life is evident everywhere. Are we willing to let Jesus work a similar miracle in our hearts?

O Saviour, touch us with Thy risen power. Bring forth the latent beauty of Christian character in our souls, that we may glorify Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, MAY 12

NEARER TO THEE

"HE IS NOT FAR FROM ANY ONE OF US."

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:10-20.

NEARER come those summer days in which we all rejoice. The earth re-laid with verdure, the trees resplendent with their shimmering garments, the myriad birds with their early morning songs, show us that God is faithful. He is ever mindful. Paul writes, "But . . . MY GOD shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." In Paul's trials, his sufferings, and even the prison hardships, God had never failed him. So TO THEE each of us can look for needed strength to bear, to strive, to endure. As the weakness of the babe brings the mother to its side, so the soul in its adversities shall be brought closer to God.

*"E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee."*

MONDAY, MAY 13

THE OBJECT OR OBJECTIONS?

"JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME."

READ MATTHEW 10:24-33.

LIFE seems so unfair at times, there is so much injustice, that we are moved to protest. Yet Abraham felt much the same thing. He asked, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Both Jeremiah and the Psalmist complained

about the prosperity of the wicked. Paul warns us against reaching a verdict before all the evidence is in. One cannot gauge the finished product by the raw material, or the vase by the shapeless clay in the potter's hand. In God's good time, we shall know the "why and wherefore" of much that perplexes us now. Then shall we see that all His dealings with us are in wisdom and love.

Gracious God, whose wisdom is unsearchable and whose ways past finding out, help us to trust Thee where we cannot trace. Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 14

PROFIT AND LOSS?

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:13-18.

IN IBSEN'S "Peer Gynt," we see the old man, slowly pulling an onion to pieces. Each part represents his life, spent in selfseeking. Every flake is some phase of his days. A poor steerage passenger, a merchant, a prosperous man? Yet the nearer he gets to the center, the smaller the onion. The core represents his real self. "There seems a terrible lot of flakes. To get to the core what a time it takes! Yes, gramercy, it does; one divides and divides; and there is no kernel; it's all outsiders." Can it be that, while we pay so much attention to externals, the soul is shrinking to a negligible quantity? Think over this.

Save us from the thralldom of material things. In love of Thee may we find true life. For Christ's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

THE LOYAL FRIEND

"A FRIEND . . . CLOSER THAN A BROTHER."

READ ROMANS 5:1-10.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant had sentenced Pythias to death. Bowing to the inevitable, he asked permission to return to Greece, to settle his affairs. Meanwhile, his friend, Damon, would stand as surety for him. The day of the execution came, but Pythias did not. Damon was therefore led out to die. Then a horseman rode furiously into the square. It was Pythias. His ship had been delayed, but he had arrived in time. Dionysius asked, "You mean you came back to die?" He asked Damon, "And you would have given your life for him? You are both freed." Christ died for us, while we were yet sinners. What should such love receive?

O Saviour Christ, who didst die, not for Thy friends, but even for us sinners, help us to love Thee with all our hearts.

THURSDAY, MAY 16


VOICE IS ITS OWN REWARD

"BY LOVE SERVE ONE ANOTHER."

READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-25.

THE Curies were seeking what was later to be known as radium. In their
(Continued on page 46)

By
Raymond M. Ueh

 MOVING to Pennsylvania from a Midwestern state has provided many interesting reactions. Principal among these has been the observance of the plain sects in Lancaster, York and Dauphin counties of this great commonwealth. These homely folks with their quaint garb are reminiscent of another age. Their emphasis upon home, work and religion is refreshing. Their thriftiness in a day when riotous spending abounds is challenging.

You have probably heard of the Amish farmer who desired to purchase a neighbor's farm. Going to this neighbor he made known his desire. The neighbor was not eager to sell. Said he, "I wouldn't sell this farm for less than \$16,000." "That's pretty high," said the Amish gentleman. "But you keep the farm until I take it over with Mary, my wife."

A week later the Amish farmer went back to the neighbor and agreed to take the farm. Said the neighbor, "Meet me at the bank with the \$16,000 and we'll make out the papers."

So on the given day he and his wife came to the bank with their pail full of money. (Few of the Amish utilize banks to care for their money.) The cashier counted the money to complete this transaction. It totaled \$14,000. The Amish farmer shook his head and said, "There must be a mistake, count it again." The cashier counted it again and it totaled only \$14,000. Whereupon the Amish farmer turned to his wife and said, "Mary, you must have gotten hold of the wrong pail."

Were this story not so true it would be humorous. But these humble people still believe in those Biblical proverbs that "he that tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread," that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," that "he that gathereth by labour shall have increase."

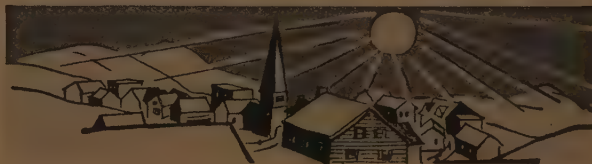
"Proverbs," says Emerson, "like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of intuitions." These plain sects reveal the intuitions and carry on the traditions of our fathers—those noble pioneers who have developed this nation through arduous labor and strict economy. The history of this continent is written largely in terms of those who denied themselves every luxury that their children and children's children might have the advantages of education and religion and democracy. History scarcely does justice to their pioneering efforts. Today's flood of novels portraying that Victorian period is prone to ridicule rather than to eulogize their hard work and thrift attitudes.

Many of us trace our family trees from thrifty ancestors who came to America to seek their fortune. The story is duplicated over and over again in every community. In the centuries gone by, patriarchal fathers came to this land of oppor-



THRIFT

A Sermon



"STUDY TO BE QUIET, AND TO DO YOUR OWN BUSINESS, AND TO WORK WITH YOUR OWN HANDS . . . THAT YE MAY HAVE LACK OF NOTHING."—I THESS. 4:11-12.

tunity. They settled on a section of land, cleared the timber, cultivated crops, lived off the produce of the land and with the accrued earnings began to organize industries, establish banks, subdivide their holdings into building lots, and revel in increasing affluence.

Children, now our fathers and mothers, having been born into these homes during lean days, learned to toil diligently and to endure painful economy. As they left the patriarchal homes to build a career and make a fortune they followed the precepts and practices of their fathers. In the course of time and with the beneficence of an expanding continent their savings and inheritance gave them comfort and assurance.

Their children, grandchildren of the patriarchal pioneer, knew life in an easier manner. Education in higher schools helped to increase their culture. Rising standards necessitated expenditure for the comforts of life. Luxuries became essentials. Life in the *grande* manner became a matter of fact. The idea became current that everyone should live in a house with a two-car garage. The "golden era," as Theodore Dreiser describes it, had come.

How rudely were the concepts of thrift and affluence overturned when the financial crash of 1929 sent our gilded dreams toppling to our feet! The savings of the patriarch disappeared. The thrift lessons of financially embarrassed parents seemed

strangely hollow. Youth adopted the motto, "Spend today, for tomorrow your wealth may have vanished." The much-quoted maxims on economy now are seldom heard. Even the banking institutions are employing a new terminology to induce savings.

It may be time again for the church to stress this virtue which is so closely related to the Christian life. Living by one's work rather than on charity, simplicity in modes of living, proper evaluation of the blood-and-sweat cost of earning money, is in direct relationship to the ethics of Christianity.

Our text provides stimulating procedure for the Christian's development of the thrift attitude. In the midst of the hurry and scurry of today's business life, with frantic daily surveying of the stock market trends, with yearly concern over the proper reporting of income taxes, with fear as to the next governmental impositions on property, it is well for Christians to "study to be quiet." In the midst of hopeless job seeking, of the uncertainties of employment, of the ever-present task of making small incomes cover a variety of family needs, the advice of the practical-minded apostle Paul is timely. Through quietness comes poise for the tests which money, or the lack of it, imposes. In the moments of silence there develops a sense of the true values of life. Solitude helps set our compass free from

the worldly magnetism that deflects it.

Who of us busy in the world's work but needs time to read, dream, reflect, pray, listen and look through the window of life to see the era passing by? We need to be occasional spectators instead of participants. Urban and semi-urban life often takes away the great privilege and source of strength as it robs us of the freedom to be alone with our thoughts and with God. By studying to be quiet we evaluate our mistakes, face our problems, examine ourselves, benefit by our experiences and develop a working philosophy of life. In the silent hours of fellowship with the Father we gain a right perspective as well as power for living. In these high moments creative force wells up within us. Then we retap the sources of the abundant life as revealed in Jesus Christ. Positive attitudes toward life, of which thrift is one, grip us.

The second phrase in our text, "To do your own business" expresses the desire of most men today. Yet the growth of large corporations, competition wherein the large buyer has the edge on the small merchant, the specialization of industry, the interdependence of nations for raw materials, make independent business ownership increasingly difficult. May we suggest the attitude, on the part of all workers, of cooperation? Loyal interest in the firm as if it were the worker's own, brings genuine compensation.

Loyalty is a Christian virtue. Dr. Whitehead defines religion as "divine loyalty." He puts this definition to work in his book, "Religion in the Making" as he says: "Whenever your thought and purpose stretch beyond your interests in self you're moving toward those greater goals toward which the universe is working." Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle concludes: "If man is true to greater loyalties, he cannot be untrue in his lesser loyalties."

Conservation of time and resources, God's gifts to us, as if these were our own, must increase our thrift attitude. Whether we are employed by a great corporation or are "our own boss," we are commanded not to be slothful in business. Emerson phrases it vigorously when he says: "Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less." Of course nowadays we have somewhat reversed this truism. Yet the laws of compensation must eventually right themselves. The ancient doctrine of Nemesis will not long permit transgression.

"Experienced men of the world," says Emerson, "know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along. . . . The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained; and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and . . . exalt his business to his imagination."

"To do your own business," whatever it may be, is to bring daily as well as eternal satisfaction. So likewise "to work with your own hands." For there is blessing in work.

Ruskin says: "Life without labor is guilt." John Oxenham calls work "a sacrament" and says "Upon thy bended knees, thank God for work." The creative capacity in every man finds release in mental and physical endeavors. Men become sharers, thus, in the good gifts God has for those who go along the way.

Money earned through earnest toil develops a sacred cast. It becomes a trust from God. It helps men rightly to evaluate toil and "to make no expense," as says Henry Morgenthau, "but to do good to others or yourself." The earner comes to accept Benjamin Franklin's dictum, "Waste nothing; never use as much as you earn."



DR. RAYMOND M. VEH

In our big family Bible there is a record that I was born in Gibsonburg, Ohio since the beginning of this century. My parents are respected residents of that community with a golden wedding anniversary behind them. Family connections with the Evangelical Church in that community for 100 years are a matter of pride.

Denominational loyalty sent me to North Central College, Naperville, Illinois. A scholarship took me to the University of Illinois for a Master of Arts in Sociology. A year spent as Director of Student Activities at the Pilgrim Foundation was followed by two years as assistant professor of Sociology and assistant dean of men at Evansville College, Evansville, Indiana. While working on a doctorate at New York University came the surprising news that I had been elected editor of *The Evangelical Crusader*, youth publication of the Evangelical Church with perhaps 60,000 readers each week.

Editing this youth journal together with the adult counselship of the General Evangelical Young People's Union has kept me in constant leadership of Evangelical youth.

In 1936 received the Doctor of Divinity degree from the western college of the Evangelical Church at LeMars, Iowa. I am married with a seven-year-old daughter. Oh yes, we like Harrisburg, Pa., where we are close to many places of historic interest.

Some thousands of years ago a sage remarked that every man was entitled to keep a portion of the money he earned. Spendthrifts soon come to want. The spender may put all his money in circulation but he is the fellow who usually has to be put on the relief rolls in the end.

Thrift people, as Benjamin Franklin succinctly points out, are the bulwark of a nation. Industry and frugality encourage good citizenship. The distinction and affluence which gravitate to the thrifty man come as naturally today as they did in Solomon's day. "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Labor brings its own rewards in physical, mental and even spiritual satisfactions. Note the climax of our text: "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands . . . that ye may have lack of nothing."

This last phrase may seem incongruous for times like these. Slogans like "Spend More" or "Save More" are empty and meaningless to thousands of people. It is ironical to tell penniless men to "spend more." It is crucifying to urge parents to "save more" when the weekly income is inadequate for a subsistence level. None of these Pollyanna slogans can lift the worry, discouragement, loss of morale, humiliation and despair that are the inevitable effects of unemployment upon persons and of the blighting financial depression upon families. Yet there are multitudes who have tested the grace and watchfulness of God in these recent years and have lived by faith, lacking none of the necessities of life.

Chapters might be written on the experiences of Christians who have learned to live happily on less money. Hosts of young couples have overcome that sense of frustration in romance by marrying and discovering happiness in developing appreciations rather than in mounting possessions. Who of us but has gained a new awareness of Christian character as, in tightened circumstances, we have learned to trust God and move forward by faith.

Our characters have been refined through the compelling force of the accumulation of many trying experiences in which faith has had to operate. Our faith has had to marshal every force of life to withstand the streams of adversity. In withstanding the first tendency to become bitter and resentful we have found a new glow of strength and beauty emerging from the suffering and loss. We have developed a new understanding and sympathy for fellow toilers. We have learned to lean harder on God.

Greater than all, we have had miraculous demonstration of God's care for his own. In God's economy to have had and to have lost is not a disaster, but a challenge. It is the call to trust in a good God for every necessity of life. His promise is the divine order to move into the highest plane of victory and the most exalted mood of life through trust. It is the call to peace, to work, to abundant living. "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

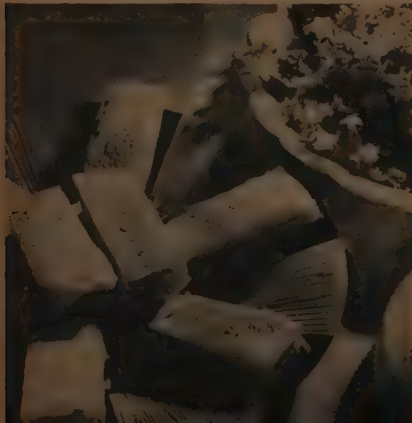


Apricot pineapple pudding is a dessert that requires no milk or eggs. Here the pudding was garnished after baking with canned apricots and wedges of pineapple



Butterscotch pudding may be served with whipped cream or with fresh fruit, a butterscotch sauce, or gelatin cubes

Flavorful Butter Sandwiches accompany a vegetable salad for a plate lunch. Pass these on trays or in baskets or have one or two laid by each portion



Fruit-flavored gelatin costs little and gives a spring sparkling dessert. Here are novel ways to present the gelatin parade

Will You Ask Us Another?

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

AN AVALANCHE of letters has poured in the past few months requesting menus with recipes in quantity amounts to serve from fifty to a hundred guests as the case may be. To plan even one individual menu and provide recipes requires from one to two hours, according to the dishes desired and the price to be charged per plate. You can see without further explanation that to plan church meals individually to order for everyone who asks just can't be done—there are not hours enough in one day.

This month we have selected four letter requests typical of the many received and are answering these. If you will write to tell us the type of help you need in the planning of crowd refreshments this department will attempt to give the answers on this page.

This month we include a menu suggestion for Miss Emma A. Clark of Grand Rapids, Michigan who writes "our missionary meeting is a once-a-month luncheon at one o'clock followed by our business meeting at two. We need suggestions for menus. Our rule is to have one hot

serving, a simple salad with rolls, coffee or tea and dessert. To give you an illustration, last month we served cream of corn soup in cups, a salad of cottage cheese with halved grapes mounded on a slice of pineapple, and hot homemade rolls, coffee and homemade cookies, these in a choice of two kinds. Each group of ten women pays twenty-five cents apiece when her group serves. We are supposed to provide such a luncheon for fifteen cents a plate and we plan for fifty women as a rule.

Liddie Pringle of Omaha, Nebraska, writes to ask us to plan a supper men will rave about and the women will approve. "And not expensive, please. We would like to charge fifty cents and still make a profit."

Esther Norman, of Denver, wants, for an afternoon tea, something in the sweet line that is different.

What shall it be? First consider ideas for a plate luncheon to cost fifteen cents for fifty guests of the sort Miss Clark requests.

It is springtime so let's be gay about

our planning: savory butter sandwiches with a carrot, egg and celery salad, marshmallow loaf for dessert and tea. Okay?

SAVORY BUTTER FOR SANDWICHES

2 cups butter	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
3 tablespoons hot water	
¼ teaspoon cayenne	1 teaspoon tomato catsup

Cream the butter, add the boiling water a few drops at a time and continue beating. Add the seasonings and beat until light and fluffy. Other savory butters may be made by using the following flavorings alone or in combinations: chives, grated horseradish, pimento, prepared mustard, paprika, curry paste or powder, chopped parsley to taste. One pound of whipped butter should spread 2½ to 3 loaves of sandwich bread.

CARROT, EGG AND CELERY SALAD

4 quarts carrots	1 slice onion
2 quarts celery	3 cups cucumbers
2 cups French dressing	3 cups peas
1 dozen eggs, hard cooked	salt to taste
	2 cups mayonnaise

Grate carrots. Clean and cut celery into



A Chinese omelet—never falls

1/3 inch pieces. Marinate each in French dressing. Dice hard-cooked eggs. Chop slice of onion very fine. Dice cucumbers. Drain French dressing from carrots and celery. Combine these with eggs, onion, cucumbers and peas. Add salt to taste. Fold in salad dressing just before serving. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf. Garnish with teaspoon of mayonnaise. Yield: 50 servings with a No. 12 dipper.

Something else for a luncheon, in this menu featuring one hot dish, salad and rolls.

Chinese Omelet

Mixed vegetable salad
in a lettuce cup

Hot rolls

Orange jelly
Tea

Butter

CHINESE OMELET

3 quarts milk	2 teaspoons salt
12 ounces cheese, grated	½ teaspoon mustard
12 eggs	½ teaspoon pepper
12 ounces fat	1 pound rice

Steam rice, crumble cheese. Make sauce of fat, flour and milk. Beat egg yolk and add rice, sauce, seasoning and cheese. Fold in whites. Bake in shallow pan in slow oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Yield: 50 servings.

ORANGE JELLY

2 cups water	2 cups lemon juice
5 ounces gelatin	5 pounds sugar
3 quarts orange juice	2 quarts water

Soak gelatin in 2 cups water, and add to 2 quarts warm water. Add fruit juices and sugar. When firm, cut in small cubes and serve plain or with custard sauce.

The marshmallow loaf (recipe below,) goes to the missionary meeting parties of a little "church in the wildwood", noted

for its good eats and hospitality. This is the Indiana Presbyterian Church of Knox County, as old as any Protestant church north of Kentucky and west of Ohio. The Indiana, the Upper Indiana and the First Presbyterian churches of Knox County all sprang from the same mother church in 1806. Mrs. W. F. Thorn, who lives near Vincennes, sends the loaf recipe. She has served it at home parties as well as church affairs. She writes, "Whenever I ask what shall I serve, everyone always promptly urges, 'Make the marshmallow loaf.'"

MARSHMALLOW LOAF

16 egg whites	1 pint cold water
3 packages marshmallows (72 pieces)	4 cups sugar
4 leaping tablespoons plain gelatin	1 quart cocoanut
1 pint boiling water	1 tablespoon vanilla
	1½ teaspoons red fruit coloring

Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth. Melt marshmallows in double boiler. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water then add cold water and pour over melted marshmallows, stirring well. Add sugar, mixing carefully. Remove from heat and while still hot fold in beaten whites of egg. Flavor with vanilla. Remove 2 cups of mixture and to this add fruit coloring. To the remaining mixture add the cocoanut. Stir well. Pour into molds that have been dipped in cold water. While pouring, drop in the colored mix, a spoonful at a time as you would for marble cake. Let stand until set then cut in squares and serve with whipped cream. Yield: 50 servings.

Here's a "male order" supper for Liddie Pringle. Two of the recipes are from church cooks who declare the dishes have hit the proverbial spot with the menfolks who have attended crowd suppers in their church dining rooms.

Male Order Supper

Corn Tamale Casserole
Cabbage Salad

Hot Rolls

Butterscotch Pudding

or

Apricot-Pineapple Tapioca
Coffee

Butter

The Corn Tamale Casserole is a contribution by Mrs. M. Harpol of Burbank, California. The civic clubs of that town hold their meetings at the Presbyterian Church where the women serve as many as 150 guests at a dinner. Mrs. Harpol writes, "Since one enterprising supper chairman served Corn Tamale Casserole we have had repeated calls for the dish." "Try it," she writes, "and see what the men say."

CORN TAMALES CASSEROLE

¾ pound onions, finely chopped	3 tablespoons chili powder
1 cup fat	4 tablespoons sugar
6 No. 2 cans red beans	4 pounds cubed beef
2 quarts solid pack tomatoes	4 pounds cubed pork
2 pints water	salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons salt	3 gallons boiling water
	3 quarts cornmeal

The sauce as follows may be made the day before the dinner: Fry onions in fat until golden and tender. Add small red beans and solid pack tomatoes, first sieving tomatoes to remove seeds. Add water, stirring

gently into mixture, add chili powder, salt and sugar, blending well. Cook slowly over low fire 3 hours. The consistency should be that of a medium white sauce. If this seems thin blend a little flour with water and add to sauce.

Saute but do not brown the beef and pork, using a heavy skillet. Add salt and pepper to taste. If much fat fries out pour off to leave about ¼ cup and allow the meat to stew in its own rich juices until tender, preferably uncovered. Add sauce.

In the meantime prepare the cornmeal mixture. Into boiling water gradually add cornmeal, about 3 quarts, enough that the stirring spoon leaves little waves in its wake. Thin with boiling water if it gets over-thick. It must be of a consistency to stick to the sides of the casserole as the mush is used as crust for lining the baking dishes. Grease the dishes before lining. Spread the mush to a ½ inch thickness over bottom and sides of dish, add the meat combined with sauce. Drop spoonful of mush over the top and brush with melted butter. Place in a hot oven (400° F.) for 1 hour. Yield: 50 servings.

The women of Ridgedale Presbyterian Church of South Bend, Indiana have served this cabbage salad relish at public suppers for 15 years and the guests still clamor for it and are disappointed if it isn't on the bill of fare. Mrs. Edwin T. White, president of the General Aid Society sends the recipe.

SOUTH BEND SALAD

20 pounds cabbage (1½ gallons chopped)	1 onion
6 cups sugar	2 tablespoons chopped pimento
4½ cups vinegar	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped	

Chop cabbage a bowlful at a time. Sprinkle with salt and spoon into large jars. Allow to stand 2 to 3 hours then squeeze out cabbage and add sugar, vinegar, onion, pimento and parsley. Mix well and chill 1 hour before serving. Yield: 50 servings.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

1½ quarts brown sugar	4½ quarts milk
2 cups butter	2 teaspoons salt
1½ cups cornstarch	2 tablespoons vanilla
2 cups cold water	2 cups walnuts

Cook sugar and butter together at a low temperature. Make a paste of cornstarch and cold water. Scald milk and add cornstarch paste. Add brown sugar and butter mixtures. Cook in double boiler until thick and smooth and there is no starchy flavor (about 25 to 30 minutes). Remove from heat. Add the salt, vanilla and coarsely chopped nut meats. Serve very cold with whipped cream. Yield: 50 servings with No. 12 dipper.

APRICOT PINEAPPLE PUDDING

1½ pints crushed, cooked apricots	¾ cup lemon juice
1 quart pineapple tidbits	1½ cups quick cooking tapioca
2½ quarts hot apricot juice and water	1½ cups granulated sugar
¾ quart pineapple juice	¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
	2½ teaspoons salt

Combine fruits, water and fruit juices; place in shallow pans. Mix together quick cooking tapioca, sugars and salt; sprinkle over fruit mixture. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes, stirring well once during baking, and again when removing from oven. Garnish, if desired, with quarter rings of pineapple and apricot halves. Serve hot or cold with cream or hard sauce. Yield: 1 gallon—32 servings, 4 ounces each.

Something sweet for tea? Something different? Then use this recipe for graham cracker squares served at a Get-Together Tea by the women of the Christian Service Council of the Missouri Methodist Church of Columbia. Mrs. H. F. Grinstead is author of the recipe.

(Continued on page 55)

MODERN DRESSMAKING

...is an open door

By MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

IN THIS age of high-powered career women, it seems as if almost every profession requires a natural gift, extensive education, technical training or costly equipment. It's a little discouraging, at times, for the girl who cannot afford college, and who hopes to work out her salvation in her own home, to survey the future. Being a writer or a musician or an artist calls for talent that is often God-given, years of study must go into the making of a doctor or a lawyer, places in the average office are fought for greedily by vast numbers of eager applicants, and commercial jobs that pay well are seemingly few and far between. Where, then, is the open door to opportunity for the average girl, with an average education and no extraordinary powers of expression? Mary Brooks Picken says that modern dressmaking is this open door!

Let me tell you something, right at the beginning, about Mrs. Picken—who is not only lovely to look at, but an exceedingly brilliant business woman, and an exquisite housekeeper. First of all she is an internationally known authority on dress and dressmaking; and secondly—this is just a bit staggering—she has authored more than seventy books on fabrics, fashion, dress design and dress construction! Both personally, and through home study courses, she has helped more than a quarter of a million women to achieve skill in dressmaking. Once head of the famous Woman's Institute—it was as head of the Woman's Institute that I met her years ago—she is now the owner and proprietor of the Mary Brooks Picken School of New York City. Daily, through her busy office, pass streams of letters from home women who are learning to sew for pleasure and for profit. Some of these women are in their teens but some of them are living on borrowed time, for proficiency in sewing has no age limit or boundary line. Mrs. Picken points with pride to her oldest pupil who is eighty—and is, at the moment, making a costume suit which will look, when it is finished, as if it came straight out of Paris!

Seated together in her office, a few days ago, Mrs. Picken and I talked informally about sewing and what it should mean to the women of America. Not only those



MARY B. PICKEN IN HER OFFICE

Says MARY BROOKS PICKEN:

Deep down in every woman are two intense desires—one to make herself attractive, the other to use in some way her own creative talents.

In no other art do these two desires find an opportunity for satisfying expression as in sewing. For beautiful, becoming clothes are the most complimentary aid to personal attractiveness, and the ability to make such clothes is one of the greatest of feminine accomplishments.

To be able to sew beautifully is not only a skill of which any woman may be rightfully proud, but one of the most enjoyable and profitable of all the arts.

Sewing should never be difficult or dull. Doing simple things the hard way is what makes them tedious. A seemingly difficult undertaking becomes a delight when the right steps taken the right way, in the right order, lead to a thrillingly successful result!



women who are clever with their needle, but those women who have never sewed before.

It takes no special talent to go in for a career of sewing in the home, according to Mary Brooks Picken. A woman doesn't even need good taste, for good taste—believe it or not—may be acquired by reading and observation. To enter the dressmaking arena, a woman should have a desire to create beauty and an ability to learn and a love of fabric and a certain sense of color—and that is all!

As for equipment, it, too, is on the easy side. A girl or woman who knows how to sew can set herself up in business for less than ten dollars initial expenditure. A sewing machine can be rented for approximately three dollars a month, shears and scissors can be purchased for about two dollars, and the other essential

equipment, including pins, needles, threads and tape measure, should come to about one dollar in the neighborhood store. A neat sign, reading "Dressmaking Done Here" should cost about fifty cents, and seventy-five cents will amply take care of fashion books. From then on it's as simple as rolling off a log—or, to use the proper idiom, sewing a seam. A table, to be employed for cutting, two chairs, one for the dressmaker and one for the customer, a light room—and you're ready to open shop.

Dressmaking in the home is one of the few careers that a mother and daughter may enjoy together. Mrs. Picken tells me that many mothers and daughters have enrolled in her school with this in mind. Oftentimes it is the daughter who has the creative flair, the smartness, the sense of current movement and tempo and the ability to plan; (Continued on page 53)

Do you see Ann?
 No! I see a Smiling Young Bride.
 Is her Smile Lovely?
 Her Smile is Lovely beyond Words.

What could the Reason be?
 Perhaps because she started young to use Ipana and Massage.



Your own smile is priceless... guard it! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthier, your teeth and smile more sparkling!



GO TO your children... consider their ways and be wise... might well be an adage for many an adult when it comes to proper dental care.

For today, thousands of youngsters are being taught in classrooms a lesson many parents still have to learn... the value of gum massage to healthy gums, sparkling teeth.

They know that most modern foods we eat deprive our gums of the exercise and stimulation they need for health. No wonder, then, that our gums often tend to become soft, tender... and signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink"!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute "pink" shows on your tooth brush... see your dentist! It may not mean serious trouble, but get his advice. Very likely,

he'll tell you your gums are lazy, need "waking up." And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"... exclusive with Ipana and massage. This "tang" is an indication that you are stimulating gum circulation... helping gums to become healthier—teeth more sparkling!

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today! And start the daily habit of Ipana and massage... for firmer gums, brighter teeth, more radiant smiles!

Ipana Tooth Paste

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MAY



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



MAY 5

Isaiah Gives God's Invitation

ISAIAH 55
(Printed lesson, Isa. 55:1-11)

THE applications most frequently made from this chapter are in the realm of individual salvation. Sermons are preached from its texts, and personal workers use its verses. Few passages in all the Bible are so pointed in their appeals, so inclusive in their scope. Yet it should always be kept in mind that its original purpose was as a part of Isaiah's message to the Jewish exiles, and that many of its teachings have their primary application to the time in which they were written, their timeless and individual use being secondary.

In general, chapter 55 is an address to the exiles in Babylon about the future glories of Jerusalem and of the Jewish people. Many of them had shown an indifference to their possibilities, either because they had become attracted by their duties and responsibilities in Babylon, or because their hearts had become hardened to the claims of spiritual things.

The chapter follows a twofold outline: "(1) an invitation to the exiles to accept what the Lord has in store for them (1-5); (2) a caution against neglecting the opportunity, or judging the Lord's plans by human limitations (6-13)." (*Westminster Commentary*.)

Teaching Points about Invitation

1. This chapter is as nearly like the Gospels, in language and meaning, as any part of the Old Testament. This is a strong indication that salvation before Christ was quite as possible and real as after He came to point the way.

2. Universality is not always an Old Testament message, but it is so here. There is no limit or barrier set to keep anyone away from God. The *alls* and *everys* of the Bible are among its best words.

3. Salvation is a boon for those who are in *need*. Both hunger and thirst are expressive words, for they represent strong human needs. The one who is to come for God's blessing must be athirst or hungry.

4. The waters of salvation and the spiritual food of the gospel are not to be had for a price. They are freely to be given to those who need them without any payment except of their own willingness and effort.

5. People still spend their money for that which is not bread, and for that which does not satisfy. Worldly pleasure never had more followers than now, nor was it ever more shallow.

6. "The sure mercies of David" (3)

refers to the promise given to David that his kingdom should be permanent. God is now saying, through His prophet, that this promise would be renewed, although in a different and higher sense, with the exiled people.

7. Verse 5 is another strong indication of the salvation of the Gentiles. As a nation with experience can have influence over other nations, so can an individual Christian call many from unexpected points simply by the sincerity of his own witness.

8. The chance for release from the Babylonian captivity was limited to a few years; it must be now or never. In much the same way an individual's time of salvation is now, before something else happens to change the situation.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. As you know indifferent and sinful people today, what are the reasons for their spurning of God's invitation?

2. How do indifferent people come to hunger and thirst after righteousness?

3. Does any one nation or people have a superior responsibility in leading the world to Christ?

MAY 12

Habakkuk Fights through Doubt to Faith

BOOK OF HABAKKUK
(Printed lesson, Hab. 1:12 to 2:4)

THE book of Habakkuk is noteworthy because of many of its expressions which are in common use today. For example, the description of a plain message, "that he may run that readeth" (2:2); the verse that was for Paul the basis of a great doctrine, "The just shall live by his faith" (2:4); "the stone shall cry out of the wall" (2:11); "woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink" (2:15).

Nothing is known from other sources about the prophet himself, nor can we get any help on the date of his writing except from the book itself. From its several references scholars are pretty well agreed that Habakkuk lived and wrote in the Chaldean period, in the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, shortly before Nebuchadnezzar invaded Judah and made it subject to Babylon.

Is there a central theme, or teaching? Yes, and concisely it is this: Sometimes, in the pressure of present surroundings, it seems as though God does not care for righteous people; but He always rewards goodness in *His own time*; there shall be an end of viciousness; the righteous live by faith.

The prophet's doubt. The opening verses of the lesson (1:12-17) put forth the ruthlessness of the terrible Chaldean

conquerors. The prophet would like to believe that God is in control, that He lives forever and does not die. (Some scholars hold that the balance is better preserved if the words "we shall not die" be rendered "thou diest not.") His words are half in supplication, half in assurance.

Chapter 2 opens in the same strain. "I have had my say," says the prophet; "now I will watch to see what answer God will give."

Habakkuk was not the first nor the last to be thrown into doubt by the trouble abroad in the world. It would not be hard to paint the same picture today. Why do good people so often lose out in the world's goods, while unscrupulous rascals prosper? Why is suffering so commonly spread, not as a penalty for evil, but often as an accompaniment of piety? Why do peace-loving, democratic nations come under the heel of dictator-led nations? Why did the Czechs, and the Poles, and the Ethiopians, and the Finns witness the violent invasion of their fair countries? Think of these modern circumstances in the light of Habakkuk's ancient problem.

God has an answer. In a word, it is this: "Let there be no doubt about this: I am in control. At the appointed time the vision will be fulfilled. You must wait for it. This is its truth, that the faithfulness of the righteous shall preserve them, but the puffed-up or arrogant meet a different end."

If Habakkuk came through, we can do the same! A glorious ending is given to his brief message: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is it an unchristian attitude that causes some people to chafe because of the prosperity of their unrighteous neighbors?

2. What things must happen before the rule of might among the nations is dethroned?

MAY 19

Jeremiah Denounces False Prophets

JEREMIAH 23
(Printed lesson, Jer. 23:21-32)

THERE is good reason for Jeremiah to be called the "weeping prophet." No other prophet of Judah or Israel was placed in his position. "He saw his beloved nation pass from the happy, prosperous conditions under Josiah to their state of iniquity under the last four godless kings, saw the invasion of the Babylonians and the final destruction of the city of Jerusalem. He stands alone in circumstances of the most desperate and heart-breaking nature, faithfully and unflinchingly declaring the word of Jehovah, of the crushing judgment that was to fall upon the nation." (*New Analytical Bible*.)

An interesting preparation for this lesson will be to read over chapter 23 aloud, as you think Jeremiah would have in-
(Continued on page 66)

Were There Too Many Quail?

YOU can have \$1,000 if you will prove that there is any scientific mistake in the Bible. This offer was made to the public last October by the Research Science Bureau, Incorporated. The offer still holds good. The President of the Research Science Bureau is Harry Rimmer, Sc.D., D.D., and when the offer was published as an advertisement in the New York *Herald Tribune*, within two days Dr. Rimmer received a personal letter setting forth certain alleged errors in the Bible. Forty-eight hours later the writer of the letter brought suit against Dr. Rimmer for the \$1,000 which had not been paid.

In due time this lawsuit against the Bible was tried in court. The plaintiff was William Floyd, publisher of a magazine called the *Arbitrator*. He said he had furnished 51 inaccuracies to be found in the Bible, and that Dr. Rimmer had refused payment.

Not since the famous lawsuit on evolution, in Dayton, Tennessee ("Monkeytown"), when the opposing counsel were William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow, has a legal case centering in the Bible had such wide publicity

or so stirred the whole nation. News reports were sent out by the Associated Press, and were published and discussed in the vast chain of newspapers subscribing to that service and in other news weeklies; the story was on radio chains also; and the Bible received more advertising of one kind and another than could have been bought with money.

The major contention of the plaintiff was that, according to the Bible, God sent too many quail for the people of Israel to handle, and that the record in Exodus 16 and Numbers 11 was a scientific fallacy. It will be remembered that Scripture tells us of the murmuring of Israel in the wilderness against God, complaining that they had no flesh to eat. "And there went forth a wind from the Lord, and brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this side, and as it were a day's journey on the other side, round about the camp, and as it were two cubits high upon the face of the earth. And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, and they gathered the quails."

Still another contention of the plaintiff was that, in two

Did Noah Take 2 Animals, or 7?

different accounts in Genesis, Noah was directed of God to bring into the ark two of every sort of animals, and in another place was told to take seven animals.

After several weeks of legal skirmishing, the case came to trial. James Bennet of New York, the eminent lawyer who, like William Jennings Bryan, is a staunch Fundamentalist, defended Dr. Rimmer and the Research Science Bureau and the Bible in this now famous suit. The court proceedings were interesting! Some humorous incidents occurred during the trial, as when the judge told the vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism not to let his ego run away with him! Mr. Bennet's wit is inimitable, as his friends well know, and his brilliant intellect and life-time study of the Bible came effectively into play.

On February 16, 1940, the Municipal Court Justice before whom the case was tried dismissed the suit on the ground

that a prima facie case had not been established. This result was a complete victory for the defendants, and, as Dr. Rimmer puts it, "The Bible emerged from this unique trial with shining glory undimmed by the venomous attacks of unbelief."

Dr. Rimmer has had hundreds of personal letters from Christian people about this case, some of whom were deeply concerned; and some nine different magazines, secular as well as religious, have asked him for the story. But when the Editor of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES wired him for it, he decided to give the story to the public through this periodical exclusively, mentioning as reasons for so doing that the story of the trial should be valuable material for Christian people to use in apologetics, or defense of the faith, and the fact that the TIMES reaches such an enormous Christian constituency throughout the world.

Dr. Rimmer writes the Editor that he will "give to the

Latest Lawsuit Against the Bible

readers of this noted publication a full and complete account of the trial and its results; and, in so doing, I am sure that many will find comfort as well as enjoyment as we see once again that the Word of God standeth steadfast and sure."

Dr. Rimmer is well known for his brilliant lectures and writings in the field of science and the Bible, in which he has massed convincing scientific material showing beyond denial the truthfulness of the entire Bible as the inspired and inerrant Word of God. The story of the lawsuit is unique as a narrative of present-day attack against God and the divine vindication of the Scriptures. It will appear in six or more articles in THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES beginning in a May issue, and it offers a priceless opportunity to both believers and unbelievers, to pastors, laymen, Sunday school workers, college and university students and

professors, in its true account of both sides of the famous lawsuit. The accompanying coupon, promptly mailed, will insure the receipt of the entire series—even if it runs beyond the half-dozen articles now planned, as it may.

I enclose one dollar (Canada \$1.10) for a 24-weeks trial subscription covering the entire Rimmer Lawsuit Series.

The Sunday School Times

Dept. CH 15, 325 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harry Rimmer Tells the Story

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 37)

penury, no suitable laboratory was possible for their experiments. They were compelled to work in a disused outhouse. They were nearly suffocated by the fumes. Yet when they opened the door, they were almost frozen. Yet they kept on with their labors. Ultimately, though Monsieur Curie had died, success rewarded their efforts. Radium had been discovered. Madame Curie refused the decorations which were proffered. It was enough reward for her to serve humanity, and to confer some lasting good upon man.

Gird us with Thy grace, impel us by Thy Spirit, that we may ever serve those about us. We ask it in Thy name, Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 17

OUR SUPREME GIFT

"THE GREATEST . . . IS LOVE."
READ I CORINTHIANS 13.

MANY will recall Jarvis Lorry, the old banker in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Carton is talking to him. Lorry's life, now inevitably drawing to a close, was a long time on which to look back. When the old man is gone, he will leave a vacant place in many a heart. Carton observes, "If you could say, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature . . . I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by,' your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses, would they not?" To that, Lorry assented. We also agree. Life is not in length of days, but in the love we have shown and secured to the enrichment of the soul.

O Thou who art Thyself love, help us to gladden other hearts, enrich other lives, by the gift of love Thou hast made ours in Christ Jesus. Amen.

SATURDAY, MAY 18

THE WOODLANDS

"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:4-8.

THE woodlands have been depressingly bare for long months. But stranger still has been their silence. Not a bird, not a note, to gladden the heart. Now the songsters are back from their winter migration. Although busy with their domestic duties, their songs and merry chirpings make music in the world. How about us? Surely "the winter of our discontent" can be put away. No matter what our anxieties and disappointments, has God forgotten to be gracious? Then shall we forget to be joyful in Him? In counting our blessings, in showing our gratitude by love to others, we magnify His holy name.

For Thine unfailing mercy, give us unfailing gratitude. Help us this day to show forth Thy praise. Through Christ,

SUNDAY, MAY 19

THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY

"JESUS WEPT."
READ JOHN 11:30-40.

WE STOOD, in thought, in that home of Bethany. "Remember that day?" echoed Martha. "Could we ever forget? The Master found us in a tempest of grief. Lazarus was dead. And all our love and service had been in vain. What is more, we had sent for Jesus. He had delayed His coming, and our hearts were bitter." Mary broke in: "Yea, for we felt He cared not. Yet even as I turned to upbraid Him, I saw His welling eyes, and the tears upon His cheeks. Then we knew He loved us all. Had He spoken, our hearts would have been closed. His tears told the tale. No human sorrow but He must feel and share."

Thy sympathy brings comfort to every tired heart. Help us to know what a Friend we have in Thee. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, MAY 20

GETTING AND GIVING

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED."
READ MATTHEW 20:1-16.

OLD SCROOGE was a contemptible character. Dickens describes him without restraint. A grasping, avaricious, covetous old sinner, he thought of no one except himself. In fact, he did not apparently think much of himself. We mean that in two ways. He denied himself the smallest comforts, living in shabby quarters and foregoing even common necessities. But, when the transformation took place, he certainly did not think much of himself! He realized what poor satisfaction his years of toil had yielded. Money can lighten many a load, but so can sympathy, a friendly interest, the kindly word. Try it!

Divine Giver of all good, freely have we received of Thy mercy and love. Inspire us to share our blessings. In our Saviour's name, Amen.

TUESDAY, MAY 21

BE TACTFUL

"WISE AS SERPENTS."
READ MATTHEW 10:16-26.

DURING the last world war, we met Gipsy Smith. He went into a hut one Sunday night, where the men were singing songs, some of which were a trifle vulgar. The music stopped. "Go on, boys. Don't mind me." As the next song ended, he asked for another; then another. At last one man shouted, "No, that's plenty of our stuff. It's your turn." Gipsy Smith led them in some of the old hymns. Then he spoke about accepting Christ. That was tact.

Direct us this day that we may bear witness that we are Thine. Show us how to reach the hearts we would bless. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS

"WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE?"
READ MATTHEW 7:1-8.

MOST of us are good at it. Some minor mishap at breakfast, or on the way to work, and the whole day is spoiled. We allow everything to irritate us. And it is not nerves—it is lack of Christian self-control, of dependence on Christ. But suppose we try to make mountains of molehills. We can make much of some service rendered, the kindly ministries we take for granted. The service may be trivial—a molehill. But let us make mountains of our mercies.

Give us, O Holy Father, the discerning eye that can detect only the good and appraise the worthwhile. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, MAY 23

LOVE'S SUPREMACIES

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN."
READ JOHN 15:9-16.

A RUSSIAN noble and his lady, were in their sleigh. A man-servant was driving. Suddenly, near the forest, a low howl was heard. It was wolves. The man whipped up the horses. Then to satisfy the hungry beasts, one of the two horses was cut loose. This gave the party a chance. Again the wolves were gaining. "Sire," said the man, "I have my knife. Let me go and battle with them. Look to my wife and children." The nobleman and his lady escaped. Next day, crimson stains on the snow told their tale. A stone erected to the man's memory bore the words, "Greater love hath no man than this." But what of Christ's redemptive love?

Thou hast redeemed us, O Christ. Help us to remember we are bought with a price—we are Thine. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 24

ON BEING QUARREL SOME

"SLOW TO SPEAK. SLOW TO WRATH."
READ JAMES 1:16-27.

SOME people we meet seem to be constantly looking for trouble. They take offense where none is intended. They are plain quarrelsome. It makes life a lot harder for those who are with them, in home or business. But that is where Christian forbearance has full scope. It is better far to ignore their ill-temper and to show the nobler way. Someone complained to old Samuel Johnson that he had been insulted. The doctor replied, "Insults are like mud on one's clothes. Try to rub it off, you make it worse. Forget it awhile, then you can brush it off without trouble."

O Father, we need Thy patience and long-suffering. Help us to show a like forbearance to those who try us. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

(Continued on page 69)

EASE NERVOUS HEADACHES FAST

Genuine BAYER Aspirin
Swiftly relieves the pain
that upsets you

In two seconds by stop
watch a genuine Bayer
Aspirin tablet begins to
disintegrate. It is ready to
begin relief in a short time!



BAYER Aspirin Costs Only About 1c a Tablet

If you have work to do, a morning headache calls especially for *fast* relief. And the sooner it's relieved the better for you. Your own doctor will tell you this.

That's why we emphasize, repeatedly, the *speed* with which genuine Bayer Aspirin starts to work —starts to relieve headache pain. To get it, all you do the instant pain starts, is take 2 Bayer Tablets with a full glass of water. Relief usually begins in a remarkably short time.

And since genuine Bayer Aspirin now costs only 1c a tablet, two or three cents worth relieves most headaches. So anyone really interested in fast relief can now afford it at this low price.

But be sure when you buy, to get *fast-acting* Bayer Aspirin. Get it by asking for it by its full name Bayer Aspirin . . . Never ask for "aspirin" alone when you want the real Bayer article.

Why BAYER Aspirin "Takes Hold" So Quickly



Drop a Bayer Aspirin Tablet in water and almost instantly it touches moisture, it starts to disintegrate, and is ready to go to work. See for yourself by this test why Bayer Aspirin acts so fast.



15c FOR 12 TABLETS **25c** FOR 2 FULL DOZEN

(Continued from page 28)

dashed past her. He had gone right through the dining room window, glass, sash and all.

For many years we had a little white French poodle with a little black nose. He was my shadow, night and day. I call him poodle, for he was partly poodle, at least; for the most part he was just dog. Someone asked my sister, when she was very young, what kind of dog he was, and sister replied she thought he was part mongrel. We named him Bijou.

How smart these mongrels are! They eat anything, sleep anywhere, and never know what it is to be sick. Our little mongrel was allowed to sleep in the house, and he was a real companion. I never went upstairs without him at my heels. Every time I go up into the lot, even yet, I think of him. We always played a little game, in that lot, when Bijou and I went for the cows. Our fences were mostly sheep and hog-proof, and I would shut the gate ahead of him and shout "You can't get over!" He'd run furiously down the line of the fence to a little hole he'd

when the end came. Well, I waited and waited, and the longer I stayed the brighter he became. We began to swap stories, and against my better judgment I told him the one about the incense pot. When I had finished it, he sat up in bed and laughed till the tears came. His wife rushed in, in utter amazement, and the upshot of it was that we didn't have the funeral Thursday. We haven't had it yet.

That story isn't a bad one. It seems that there was a colored Episcopal minister down South who came up to New York and attended a service at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin—a highly ritualistic church. He decided this ritual was just what he needed to put some life into his own church.

He returned home, got a lot of little colored boys off the streets and organized a vested choir, and practiced marching for hours with a crucifer leading. He knew that he must have some incense, and it bothered him, for a regular censer is quite elaborate, being hung on a chain; it would cost money. So he decided to have a dish of charcoal just outside in the vestibule where the little colored incense

THE GOLDEN CHAIN

Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Ruth,
And Mary the gentle mother of Christ,
Are each a link in the golden chain
Of the mothers of earth that has sufficed
To bind mankind in a love so true
That nothing could break it the long years through.

And still today the links are formed,
Golden and bright by the mothers who live
The Christian life, and great, indeed,
Are the contributions that each may give
In forming the beautiful chain of love
That God Himself is so mindful of.

I, as a mother, would have a part
In a thing so close to the Master's heart.

Grace Noll Crowell

dug for just such an emergency; he'd slide under the fence, and race past me with his ears flat against his head, barking his head off. We never got tired of repeating it.

Funerals

"I expect to have the funeral on Thursday, and of course I want you to officiate," said the woman, as I came in to see her sick husband. "The doctor has just gone and he says Pa can't last but a few hours at best, and there is nothing we can do. Shall we have the services at half past two?"

Her husband was a blacksmith whose shop was near my church. He had never stepped inside the church, to my knowledge, but I dropped into his shop often just to sit and talk. He would make hoops for my ice cream tubs, when they rusted off, and he never charged me a cent. He was a pretty rough customer, but I liked him. He had a good warm heart.

I went into his bedroom and had prayers with him. Since his wife was so certain he was about to die, I thought I would stay around awhile and be there

boy could step out and get it, as he and the choir swung by—going from the side aisle to the main aisle. The choir was also trained and instructed that every word uttered must be intoned.

Time came for the great first service and all the surrounding preachers were invited. The church auditorium was packed. As the procession swung by, the colored boy stepped out quickly to get the dish of charcoal. To the utter horror of the minister, he came back in line without it.

"What has become of the incense p-o-o-ot?" he intoned.

Right on the key the little boy intoned back, "Left outside. It's too h-o-o-o-t!"

Everyone seem to agree that the Episcopal prayer book furnishes just about the last word where one looks for a funeral service. It is stately and dignified and consoling. We do not "preach the funeral" as the saying used to be. It is likely that the neighbors know the deceased a great deal better than the minister does, and while he is saying one thing they are thinking quite another.

(Next Month, "Day In and Day Out")



Music Is Sweeter . . . Beauty More Enduring with Nu-Wood *Kolor-Fast*

WHEN Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast is applied to your church walls and ceilings, you will be astonished at the new clarity and resonance of music and speech. Nu-Wood, you see, is an efficient acoustical material, correcting faulty acoustics and absorbing unwelcome noise. And the new Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast brings beauty permanence to your church, because the colors of Nu-Wood are now rendered *fadeproof* by an exclusive process. Available in many pleasing, soft and harmonious shades, Nu-Wood colors are always in quiet good taste.

To its acoustical and decorative advantages, Nu-Wood adds still another—efficient insulation. With Nu-Wood, your church will be more comfortable—easier to heat in winter, and cooler in summer. Quickly and easily applied, Nu-Wood is amazingly low in cost. You owe it to yourself—and to your church—to get complete facts. Mail the coupon!



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Gentlemen: I want to know more about the new Nu-Wood Kolor-Fast for
☐ New Construction ☐ Remodeling
Without obligation, please send me complete facts.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from page 21)

and jagged, far apart as the width of a child's swing. It puzzled him, seeing them so.

Their knock brought a woman to the door—a woman neither old nor young. Her face had a dead, burnt-out look, as if she moved about through no volition of her own. Her hair was strained back carelessly from a thin, pale face. And in her eyes were the ashes of forgotten fires.

When she saw the child, life came back to her. Frank could see the flood of it hurting her, as blood rushing into a numbed arm may hurt.

"Whose child is that?" she whispered.

Frank stepped forward quickly.

"She's my little girl," he said. "I've come to see Mr. Brock about work. He knows me, see? Tell him Frank Drummond is here—the man he used to sell things to—and that he'd like some work, if there is any."

"Martha," came a voice from inside the house, "who's that out there? Some one wanting a job?"

"It's Frank Drummond," Frank called to him. "The one you used to sell things to. And I'll help, if you've got anything for me to do."

"Anything to do," the man's voice yelled back. "Bring him in here, Martha, before he changes his mind."

The woman opened the screen to let them in, but even as the child put her foot on the threshold, she made a gesture to stop her.

"No," she whispered. "No, not her—"

Frank turned to the child.

"You stay outside," he said, "there, where the roses are. Be good, and don't touch anything. I'll be out in a minute."

Marilyn trotted off obediently, and Frank followed the woman inside.

Jason Brock was just as Frank had remembered him—small-boned, inclined toward plumpness, with fine lines etched from eye to temple. Laugh lines, one might think, for his face was the round rosy kind on which laughter lay easily. Only, you had the feeling that, like the flowers in the borders, laughter had been choked back for several seasons now.

"Mighty glad to see you, Drummond," Jason Brock said. "It's a fine mess you find me in. Leg broken, and the hired man struck, and strawberries rotting over the ground. Same kind I used to sell you. Don't you have that store any more?"

"No, my wife got sick and I had to be with her a lot. Things didn't go so well, while I was out. You know how it is—"

"Sure," the man said sympathetically. "Your wife better now?"

"She's dead," Frank told him simply.

Yes, she's dead. And the store's gone. And tonight at six o'clock the world ends.

The man made soft little sounds of sympathy. Then he said, "Ever pick strawberries?"

"Brought up in a strawberry patch," Frank told him.

"Martha," the man said, "show Drummond the patch, and the crates."

"I got my little girl out there." Frank thought, since the woman had acted so queer, he'd better mention about Marilyn. "She'll go with me to the patch, but she won't bother anything, or step on the plants."

(Turn to next page)

"This child will HATE you some day, Mary!"



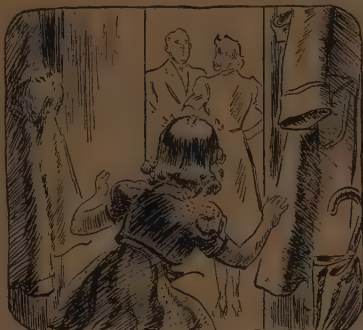
1. MARY: Oh, uncle...you're always imagining things.

UNCLE: I don't need much imagination to know when a child looks plumb scared to death.



2. MARY: She's just acting. But she can't fool me! I'll make her take it!

UNCLE: You don't mean to say you're going to use force! Why, that's as old-fashioned as goose grease!



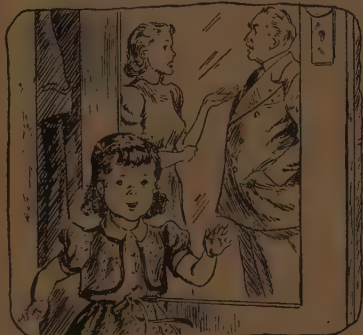
3. MARY: I don't want to argue any longer! She needs a laxative and she's going to take it whether she likes the taste or not.

UNCLE: Using force won't do a mite of good. Fact is, it can throw a youngster's nervous system clean out of kilter.



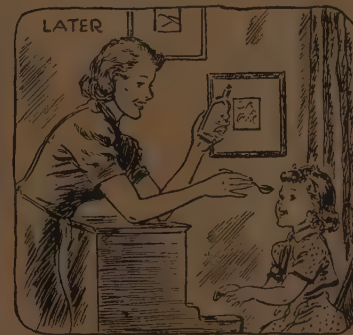
4. MARY: Who said so?

UNCLE: The doctor I play golf with. I told him about your laxative battles. He said a child should get a nice-tastin' laxative, but *not* one made for grown-ups. So he suggested Fletcher's Castoria.



5. MARY: Fletcher's Castoria! I thought that was only an infant's laxative...

UNCLE: Doc says Fletcher's Castoria is made for all children up to 11. It's *SAFE*. It has no harsh drugs, it doesn't gripe. You can't find a better-working laxative!



6. LATER. Mother giving child Fletcher's Castoria.

HELEN: Ooooooh, Mommy, I LOVE this!
MOTHER: It's Fletcher's Castoria, just like Uncle Joe suggested. You won't be scared of Mommy any more, will you?

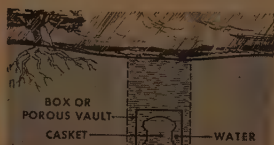
Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially for children

(Continued from page 49)

*As you watch
the pouring rain*

**It comforts your heart to
know you can provide the
protection of a Clark Galvan-
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RAIN AND MELTING SNOW often saturate the earth. The average casket is not supposed to provide protection against this water in the ground—neither can an improperly constructed grave vault, nor one of porous materials, offer safe sanctuary.



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For a moment the man's face was blank and dead as the woman's had been. "Little girl—" he echoed. "How old?" "Six."

"She'll like it, out there in the patch," Jason Brock went on, the faraway look still in his eyes. "Mimi used to—" He stopped suddenly. "There'll be time for an hour's picking before dinner," he said.

The woman did not look at them as she led them to the patch. Only, when she went past Marilyn, Frank saw the swift rise of her breast as if she had caught her breath quickly and was afraid to let it go.

It was warm, out there among the berries. A huge mulberry tree stood at one end of the patch, and to it came every kind of bird Frank had ever seen. Marilyn stood watching them in wide-eyed wonder while her father set to work filling boxes with practiced fingers.

He picked a berry, huge as a small apple. "Here, Baby," he said. "Eat this one."

The juice ran down her little chin when she bit into the berry's red lusciousness. "I didn't know they grew this big, daddy," she marveled.

"They don't most times, Baby. That's the nicest one I ever saw."

That's what I'm doing tonight, Baby—giving you the best thing I know how. Try to understand, after it's all over.

The sound of the woman's voice came to them now. "Dinner's ready," she called.

"We're going in now," Frank explained to Marilyn. "That woman doesn't feel so good; you mustn't notice if she acts funny."

Once they got inside, though, the woman was nowhere to be seen. On the table, food was spread—chicken, vegetables, and great slabs of home made bread. At one place was a mug of milk, with a full pitcher near by. Then Frank heard Jason Brock calling him.

Frank went into the room where the man sat, his foot straight out in front of him, his crutches resting by his chair. For a moment Jason Brock looked as if he was seeing a ghost instead of a small child at Frank's side. Then he said kindly,

"Hello, little girl. What's your name?" "Marilyn."

"Marilyn," he repeated absently. "That's a pretty name for a little girl with curls. You getting lonesome while Daddy works?"

"Oh, no," she cried. "I'm having the best time. Daddy and I are on a picnic."

"A picnic? Well, well! Ever climb a

tree? You ought to try one, while you're here. I used to know a little girl—" he stopped abruptly. "Your dinner's on the table," he finished tiredly. "My wife isn't— isn't so well. She says she can't be with you, but you're to eat all you see, and call me if you want more."

"Thanks," Frank said.

"Oh, that's all right. How's picking going?"

"First rate. Berries in prime shape now."

"I know it. You working anywhere now?"

"Well—not exactly—"

"Well, go out and eat your dinner before it gets cold. If—the—if Marilyn wants a nap, afterwards, there's a pillow and quilt on the back porch. My wife thought maybe you could—could put them under the mulberry tree, so she'd be close to you."

Frank said yes, of course he could, and he and Marilyn went out to the kitchen to eat the food awaiting there for them.

They went outside when they had finished, and just as the man had said, there was a pillow and quilt waiting for them. Frank gathered them up and took them with him to the strawberry patch.

"Lie here, Baby," he said, spreading the quilt on the soft grass. "It will be fun to take a nap outside."

The child stretched out obediently. Her curls fell back from her small face—lying so, the soft baby curves of neck and chin were revealed to Frank's hungry eyes. He turned away from the sight of it.

Oh, she was lovely! No wonder Mrs. Crudgington had wanted her. What if Marilyn had been cross-eyed, or snub-nosed, or homely? Would Mrs. Crudgington still have wanted her? What if she hadn't come at all!

He wished he wouldn't keep thinking about that. Darned lucky thing she had come. It was because of that that Marilyn was going to have Everything. All his foolish dreams of finding a good job and taking care of her himself paled to nothingness beside the substantial realness of the things Mrs. Crudgington had to give her.

"When are you coming to get me, daddy?" the child asked suddenly.

"I don't know, Baby. Don't you like it there with Miss Frashier?"

"Not much—"

"How'd you like to go somewhere to live where you could have a pony, and a million dolls, and—and—everything?"

"Would you be there, too?" the child's voice trailed off. She was fast asleep.

Up and down the rows Frank went. It



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was hot, with the sun on his shoulders, but under the tree it was cool. So cool that a little girl slept on and on, while the precious minutes flew past.

Nearly three. He couldn't bring himself to waken her, but he must have some time to tell her, and if they were to arrive on time, they must leave by four. Even as he pondered over what he should do, the child stirred, lifted her little arms, was awake.

The sun made her blink, the heat had curled her hair around her small face. She was laughing; all the grave shyness of the morning had been sponged away by the day's full measure of happiness.

"Daddy," she asked, looking up, "is this the tree he said I ought to climb?"

"You can try it," Frank told her. "Ever climb one?"

"I didn't know people did. I thought it was just birds, and squirrels. Isn't it fun, daddy, being here! Show me how to climb a tree."

Frank placed her on a low limb.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, "it's a whole lot more fun than a swing. I'm going on by myself." She raised her body to another limb.

"There's something up here," she said. "A little seat, or something—"

There was a sound of running feet behind them. Frank looked up quickly to see Martha, Jason Brock's wife, coming toward them. Her face was ashy; her eyes were wide with horror.

"No—" she choked. "No—". And fell, a dead weight, at Frank's feet.

She was like a child in his arms, almost as light as Marilyn would have been. Straight to Jason Brock he went, carrying his frail burden. At the sight of them the man jerked up swiftly, his face ashen.

"Martha—" he began.

"She's fainted—" Frank said.

Color ebbed back into his face. He was master of the situation at once. Like a general, he began to give orders—rapidly, tersely.

"Lay her here, on my bed," he said. "Then go call Central—one long does it. Tell her to get hold of Doc Hedges and tell him Martha Brock has had another one of her heart attacks. Then you make up the fire in the range, and put some water on to boil. Got it?"

Then his calm broke, and he was only a man, who must sit while a stranger does the things which might be instrumental in saving his wife's life.

"Tell him to hurry—" he begged.

Doc Hedges must have needed no urging, for in an almost incredibly short time he was there. Straight into the room he came, shedding his coat and rolling up his sleeves as he walked.

"Martha?"

The man nodded.

"What—?"

"I don't know, unless it was—" Jason Brock indicated, by the briefest of nods, the wide-eyed Marilyn, sitting in a frightened little huddle on one edge of a couch, where Frank had hastily pushed her when he went to carry out Jason Brock's commands.

Deftly the Doctor began to work. Death was a grim presence that advanced, retreated, before him. It was during one of these retreats that he asked Jason.

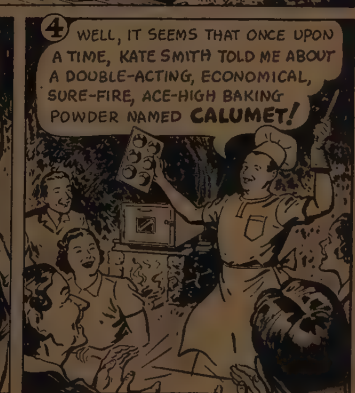
(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 51)



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"What was *She*," indicating Marilyn, "doing when it happened?"

"I was in the tree," Marilyn answered for herself. "I had found a little seat, and then there she was, saying 'No, No.'" The child's voice trailed off wonderingly.

"Mimi's?" the doctor queried. "I thought she had cut that down, Jason."

"She tried," Jason said. Then he raised his face, tortured with pain, with hope, with doubt. "Doc—that seat was tottering. A child who sat in it might have fallen—got hurt bad—"

Doc Hedges never stopped working. "I might be—" he said. "It could be—"

Then he turned to Frank.

"There is a chance," he said, "that your little girl can be the means of saving a woman's life—and her reason. Only, it might be hours before we can tell. Can you and your child stay, to see?"

For the first time in what seemed eons, the matter of time pressed down on Frank once more. He looked at the fat dial of the clock, and the figures seemed to jump out at him.

Half past four!

If they were going to catch that car, they must be leaving now, this very minute. Marilyn's whole future depended on catching that car.

The Doctor could sense his wavering.

"Tell him, Jason," he ordered.

"It was our little girl, our Mimi," Jason began softly. "Martha had made her birthday cake, and put six candles on it. She went out of the room a minute, and while she was gone, Mimi tried to light them." He stopped a moment, closed his eyes.

"We buried her next day," he finished starkly.

Frank tried to say something, but words died, useless, foolish things in his throat.

"Martha—she went queer," the man went on. "Couldn't bear the sight of children. Got rid of all of Mimi's things. Cut down her swing. Tried to cut down the seat in the mulberry tree, but couldn't quite finish it."

"If," Doc Hedges broke in, "if she was coming out there to keep Marilyn from sitting in Mimi's seat, then she's no better. But if she was on her way out to warn the child—which is what I half-way suspect—she may be headed toward recovery. If it's that, then Marilyn should be here so Martha can see her when she comes to."

Frank looked at the woman, inert on the bed. He looked at Jason Brock's face, strained and colorless. He looked at Marilyn. After all, it was her future that was at stake.

"I got to be back in town by six," he opened his mouth to say. But those weren't the words that came out at all. Instead, he said quietly, "Yes—if you need us, we'll stay."

It was good to see Jason Brock's face, when he spoke.

"Fine," Doc Hedges said. "Sit here little girl. Don't make any noise. If I tell you to, slip over here as quiet as a little mouse and begin to stroke the lady's hand like—like—"

"I know," Marilyn answered wisely. "Like a kitty."

"Yes, you blessed baby," Doc Hedges agreed. "Like a kitty."

And then they were all quiet once more.

Frank knew that never in all his life would the memory of this scene leave him. The breathless eagerness of Jason Brock, the swift working hands of Doc Hedges, the sound of the clock on the mantel crashing the stillness with its ticking.

"Thrown away! Thrown away! Thrown away!" it seemed to say.

Yes, thrown away. Marilyn's chance, ruined. This day that he had set aside to make his child's whole future happier and more secure had ended up by ruining it entirely.

The clock on the mantel struck six. Just then the woman stirred, opened her eyes.

"The little girl—" she whispered.

At the doctor's signal, the child approached on soft feet. Dropping to her knees she began to stroke the thin hand.

"Here I am," she said.

"Thank God," the woman whispered. "Thank God I got there in time—" Two great tears squeezed themselves out from under her lids, ran down her white cheeks.

"You can take her out now," the Doctor said to Frank.

Frank rose to lead Marilyn out of the room. At the door Jason Brock's voice halted them.

"Wait in the kitchen," he said. "I want to see you."

Frank remembered that Jason had not yet paid him. Well, he had to have the money. Little as it was, he needed it. But what was he to do, after he got it? Taking Marilyn back to the Shelter was out of the question, now. No matter how generously Brock paid him, it still would not be enough to pay for lodging and meals for two.

He sat there thinking things over, in that pleasant quiet room with its yellow bowls and blue cookie jar and blossoming plant on the window sill. It was a room that had the look of having once held happiness, and gave promise of being able to house it once more, given a chance. Something about it helped to draw the bitterness from Frank's sore heart.

Marilyn had lost her chance at a fine soft life. But in doing it, she had maybe helped save the life of a woman. After while, when she was grown up, Frank felt sure the child would understand, and not blame him. She'd see it like he did.

And then it came to him like a flash.

Marilyn was *his* child, *his* responsibility. What had he been thinking of, even to dream of turning that over to any one else, no matter how much they had to offer? Some way he'd manage for the child, giving her a chance to meet life squarely and without whining.

There was a tap-tap-tap on the floor, and then Jason Brock, on his crutches, and his face wondrously alive, was at the door.

"She's better," he said. "Better, do you understand!"

And then he went on more quietly. "You say you're out of a job?" he questioned.

"Yes," Frank told him. "But I'll get something."

"There are two things this place needs," Jason Brock said. "A man that knows fruit, and a little girl. Know anybody who can fill the place?"

It was a day to keep! The wonder of it swept over Frank's heart, spilled out into his happy voice.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I think I know the very two."

(Continued from page 42)

while it is the mother who has the patience to do intricate handwork and fitting and finishing.

Dressmaking in the home, however, is not the only goal of the woman who sews; no indeed! Sewing is becoming increasingly important beyond the barriers of the home. Almost every school and college has courses in sewing and teachers in this subject are almost more in demand than teachers in the three R's or in the branches of higher learning. Then, too, there's the ready-to-wear industry, which is in constant need of expert seamstresses and designers. All large stores, and many smaller ones, have alteration departments and factories which make garments are springing up like mushrooms everywhere. Oddly enough, most of these garment factories are located in small towns.

Sewing is opportunity's open door to many women who are searching for a life work and an income. To many other women who are contented wives and mothers—who need not worry about a pay envelope or a career—it is the open door to happiness. The woman who is able to make her own clothes, to say nothing of her children's clothes, is indeed fortunate. She has charm at her fingertips and contentment in her pocket. Not only that, she usually has a bank account—for she saves plenty of money from the household budget! Let me repeat to you a conversation that I held, not long ago, with a young man who was bragging about his clever wife.

"When Betty and the youngsters and I

go to church on Sunday," he told me, "I feel like a millionaire, although I'm only a shipping clerk. With a few yards of this and that and a couple of hours' spare time, Betty can perform miracles. Her clothes are always the last word—and that goes for the children, too! The way my wife looks has given me real standing in the community; and as for my job—well, due to Betty, I don't expect to be a shipping clerk all my life. Just last week the boss complimented me on the appearance of my family and said I was a good manager." The young man laughed. "I was a good manager, all right, when I picked Betty! I only wish she could make my clothes."

To go a step farther, it isn't only a woman's clothes and her children's clothes that contribute to her own and her husband's standing in the community. The appearance of a home is pretty important, too—and the woman who can make clothes for herself and the children can usually dress up her home. Draperies and slip covers have transformed many a bare room beyond recognition, and remember this: Home furnishing materials have never been lovelier or less expensive.

In a world that is bewildered by cross currents of temptation and strife, an attractive home can be a haven as well as a dwelling place. A home that has been made satisfying to a husband and children has warded off many a domestic tragedy!

Drapery materials and dress materials are within the reach of every woman who can sew, for, as I said a moment ago, they have never been lovelier or less expensive. This also is true of other aids to

sewing; patterns and sewing machines and modern notions have never been better or more efficient than they are today. It's as if manufacturers and shopkeepers are doing all that they can to contribute to the success of the most womanly profession.

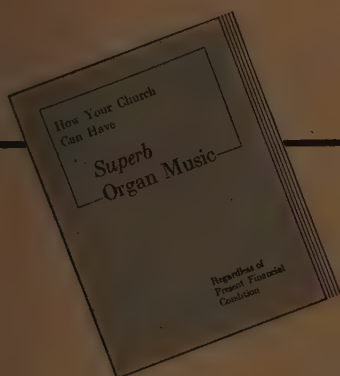
A womanly profession! Last, but not least, Mary Brooks Picken brought up a final vital point in this sewing business.

"For women who are nervous," she said, "sewing is a blessing! Not a blessing in disguise, a blessing that's right out in the open. When a woman has troubles and problems on her mind she can often iron them out if she sits down with some sewing in her hand, and thinks calmly while she works. I've often untied a business tangle while I was making a curtain, and I've eliminated many a heartache while I was hemming a skirt."

Mrs. Picken says that she did her first sewing when she was four years old—she made a pair of perfect trousers for a boy doll! At nine she turned out a dress for her mother, and at eleven she produced an entire layette for a momentarily expected baby brother. She says, smilingly, that she wasn't an unusual child—that any youngster can be taught to follow in her footsteps.

I don't know about that—I'm inclined to think that a child of four, who can create trousers, is more or less precocious! But after talking with Mrs. Picken I am convinced that any *grown-up youngster*, with initiative and common sense and the ability to coordinate her brain and her fingers, can learn to sew her way into financial and social security!

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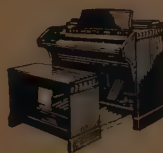


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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery



ONE of the memories of boyhood is great-grandma's salve, which in due time came to be known in the family as Aunt Mary's salve. It was my great-grandmother who used to compound a marvelous salve. Whenever my brothers or I had a cut toe, a bruised heel, a burned finger, a skinned knee or a sunburned back, mother would hurry up with great-grandma's salve.

How she made it, she never told. We knew that its basic ingredient was unsalted sheeps tallow and that from her herb garden she used a number of old-fashioned herbs including live-for-ever and saffron.

I am reminded of that old salve as I look through the catalogs this spring of some of the larger nurseries that specialize in perennials. I find that they are listing a goodly number of those old-fashioned herbs. I see that the seedsmen list seeds of them too. Growing of herbs is coming back again and a herb garden is fashionable. But nobody will make salve from them, I suppose. It is much easier to buy something in a tube at the drugstore.



MAY is the right month to get chrysanthemums going. The secret with them is that old clumps need be dug and divided each spring. Any time after the shoots are two to four inches high is right. I pull the old clumps apart with my fingers until I have, as nearly as I can get them, single shoots with a growing top and a piece of good root. The older, woody centers can be thrown away.

These I set out in rows in a bed, with two to three feet space between them. Or if I am buying new varieties, all I want are little bits of rooted cuttings which look quite insignificant as I unwrap them. But divisions or cuttings, I grow the best. I can all summer, with plant food, cultivation, a bit of watering if weather gets too dry, and snipping out tips once or twice to make sure the plants branch and spread. Fall comes, and there are big plants, covered with bloom much better than if I had attempted to grow from a big clump.



FROM one end of the land to the other, the worst enemy of roses is black spot and often with it, brown canker. Success with roses means that you must fight black spot constantly and fortunately the treatment for it will also suffice to keep brown canker in control.

There are two ways to get after black spot. One is to dust with fine dusting sulphur. The other is to spray with a recommended fungicide. Any seed store or garden supply store or counter will carry suitable materials, with directions for use on the package. Other chemicals are usually added as needed to control various insects.

Gardeners in the South and along the Pacific Coast have been busy long since, but May is the right time to begin the dusting or spraying in northern sections. Some of my neighbors who are more meticulous gardeners than I am, put on the first spray application before growth begins, maybe by March. I usually get round to it however after growth is under way but before black spot begins to show up. The idea is to keep the roses protected against the disease. This means to spray or dust before a rain, for the disease both spreads and multiplies in rainy weather.



OFTEN before this month has passed, gardeners will be setting out seedling plants of annual flowers and perhaps home-grown vegetable plants. To do this transplanting, first water the seed frames well an hour or two before. Dig the seedlings carefully with a trowel, rather than pull them out, and handle them so that some of the soil clings to the roots. Whenever possible though, I pinch off the tips of the roots. This causes the roots to make a spreading growth, rather than a tap root.



IT SEEMS the genteel thing these days to use the term "plant food" instead of "fertilizer" in garden writing. One never dreams of mentioning the old-fashioned name for "barnyard compost." Whatever the terms, this is a good month for feeding plants.

Vegetables, annual flowers, perennial beds, lawn, peonies will benefit by a feeding. The easiest way today is to use one of the commercial garden plant foods, which can be bought at any garden supply store. There will be directions for use either outside or within the package or bag.

You will notice the analysis on the outside of the package. For instance, several of the more commonly sold brands have an analysis of 4-12-4. This means that in each 100 parts of the plant food, there will be 4 parts of nitrogen, 12 parts of phosphate and 4 parts of potash, each of course in suitable compounds. These are the three chemical elements most commonly lacking in garden soils and an application of the food will supply them.



WHEN nights grow warm and frost has gone for good, then it is time to sow annual flower seeds outdoors in beds. It is the custom at our place to have a separate bed of these annuals and I sow them in straight rows across it. Women folks like to do it more fancy, but I'm old-fashioned and I'm just happy to grow the plants and be satisfied with the blooms, without attempting any special arrangement other than to group the lower-growing ones together, with the higher sorts toward the back end of the bed.

In such fashion here do we sow sweet alysium, ragged robin, nasturtiums, zinnias, California poppies, nicotiana or flowering tobacco, verbenas, and four o'clocks, to set down some that come to mind. To get the rows straight, I place a long board across the bed and stand or kneel upon this as I do the sowing. The gardener of experience does not sow the seeds too thickly nor does he cover too deeply. More good seed is ruined by too deep covering than any other one thing.

NO ANNUAL flower has made greater progress in recent years than the Escholtzia or California poppy. From a small golden-orange wild flower of California roadside and waste places, the seedsmen have evolved a dozen or so different shades of both single and double flowers. One of my favorite singles is Ramona, in copper-gold and pink.

In recent years one seed firm has introduced a race of erect, bushy varieties with tops simply covered with bloom. One new color in this, which pleased me as I saw it last summer, is Delightful.

SOME of my neighbors worry me when grass cutting gets under way each spring. They do the job too well. That is, they cut the grass too short. It is much better for the grass if the cutter bar is so set that the mower takes off the grass about an inch and a half or so from the ground.

(Continued from page 41)

GRAHAM CRACKER SQUARES

2½ cups sugar	4 dozen graham crackers
½ cup butter	2 cups milk
1½ cups flour	1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup broken nuts
	1 quart whipping cream

Cream sugar and butter. Separate eggs and beat lightly with fork. Blend with butter and sugar. Beat for a few seconds. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Roll crackers fine, then sift. Add 1 cup of milk and the crackers alternately to egg mixture. Beat until smooth and light. Add flour, baking powder and salt alternately with second cup of milk. Beat egg whites and fold into cake mixture. Pour in pans 12" x 12" or near that size. Fill to a depth of near 1½ inches. The batter may be cooked in oblong pans 8" x 12", using four pans. This will give oblong pieces instead of squares 3" x 3". When cake is cooked, cut into squares. Whip 1 quart of whipping cream. Add ½ cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon of flavoring. A small can of crushed pineapple may be added to the whipped cream to give a different flavor. Pile cream on squares and serve. Yield: 50 servings.

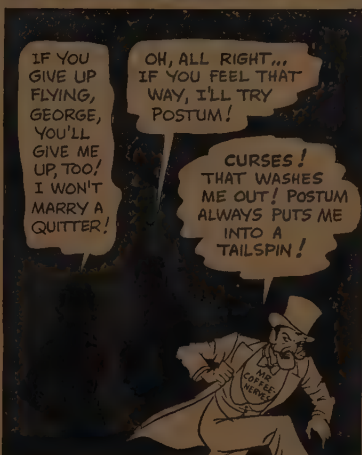
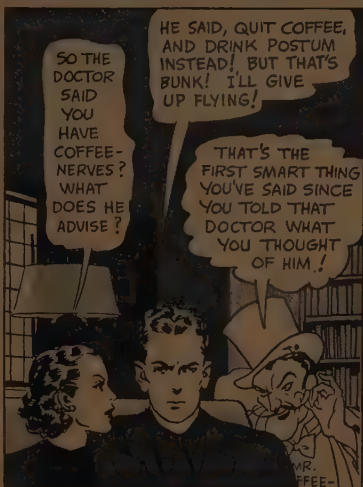
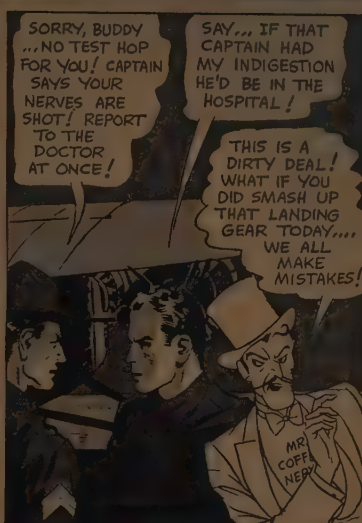

"Our church group needs an inexpensive cake recipe to serve at teas, for the young people's monthly supper and at church dinners. Will you send us a recipe?" requests Marcia Kimbal of El Paso, Texas. Here's just the cake for you.

ECONOMY CAKE

2 pounds sugar	2 teaspoons cloves
¾ pound butter or margarine	2 teaspoons nutmeg
1 quart milk, sour	4 teaspoons soda
1½ ounces cinnamon	1 pound raisins
	2 pounds flour

Sift dry ingredients 2 or 3 times. Combine melted fat and liquid. Combine liquid and dry ingredients, beating well for 2 minutes. Stir well for 2 minutes. Stir in flavoring last. Yield: 50 servings.

GEORGE GETS HIS WINGS

MANY PEOPLE can safely drink coffee. But many others — and all children — should never drink it. So if you have nervous indigestion, if you can't sleep, or if you're nervous and irritable — and you think coffee-nerves may be responsible — switch to Postum. For Postum can't fray your nerves — it contains no caffeine or stimulant of any kind.

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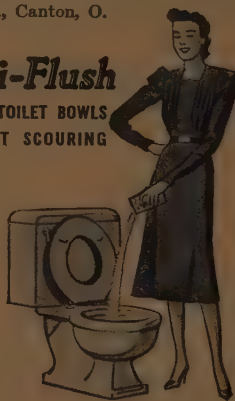
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(Continued from page 35)

were so early, the train was already made up and that we could enter our compartments at once. In Europe there is no such Pullman as still exists in America, consisting of berths on either side of an aisle from which one is separated only by a curtain. All sleeping trains on the continent are compartment trains. Penn and I had adjacent rooms between which there was a door which we opened. The conductor, who was also the porter, brought us sandwiches and tea and we had a pleasant little supper. The station was noisy and the train crowded. Our berths were made up and we went off early to bed. The next thing I knew it was broad daylight and the porter was pounding on the door, telling us that in half an hour we would be in Hendaye, which is the French frontier town where we had to leave the train.

When the train stopped we all hurried out with our bags. Porters seized the bags and rushed them on handbarrows to a great barn of a railway station. It was 8 o'clock. Two or three English people near us said that there would be no food from now until we reach Irun, the Spanish frontier town, and that we should have brought food with us from Paris. I knew that we must put in at least two hours here persuading the French officials to part with us, and I had not the least desire to go through that ordeal on an empty stomach. Nobody seemed to know any more about the ropes than we did, and I was beginning to feel utterly forlorn when I caught sight of a familiar cap with the familiar words "Thomas Cook." I made my way to the owner of the cap who turned out to be a spruce young man speaking English, French, and Spanish. I asked him if he could show us where to find the immigration custom officials, but more important even than that, where to find some breakfast.

"But breakfast," he said, "is simple. You can get that in the dining room here in the station."

He led us into a vast room, the wooden floor of which had been newly washed. There were several tables with white table cloths and one waitress, a stout, middle-aged woman in a checked apron, wearing carpet slippers and woolen stockings. Our "Thomas Cook" told us that breakfast might be slow in arriving but that when we had finished it he would come and fetch us and put us in a taxicab. He thought he could give us all the information we needed to get us across the French frontier. I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my shoulders.

Our "Thomas Cook" was waiting for us when we finished and he took us, with our bags, to a taxicab. Here he tried to explain to the taxi driver and to us precisely what we were to do; and seeing that we were all getting more and more bewildered, he finally said, "With your permission, Madame, I can arrange to go with you as far as the international bridge."

"Heaven bless you," I exclaimed, "Come along!"

I showed him our collection of passports, tickets, visas, and whatnot. The tickets, railway and those on the Clipper, had to be shown to prove that we honestly intended not to skulk in France.

"Think of going on the Clipper!" cried our "Thomas Cook." "What a privilege! How exciting!"

We nodded, trying not to look too impressed with ourselves. There followed two more strenuous hours. We queued up before the military police and explained everything, beginning with the first year of our lives! We showed all our railway tickets. These had suddenly become very important.

"Ah, ze Clippaire," said each official as he stamped our various papers.

We queued up at the Custom House to have our baggage examined. I had acquired a rest system by which I could stoop over a counter with my tummy against the front and my elbows against the back of it. Penn, being shorter than I, could only hook her elbows on the front of the counter and sag a little like a monkey on the limb of a tree.

At long last our bags were passed. We went to another building to declare our money. This took an especially long time because everybody seemed impatient with us, and I was determined to understand as much as I could about francs into pesetas and pesetas into dollars, or whatever was required of us.

Finally we got through this and went back to the military police to retrieve our passports. We showed all our various new visas and permits and were finally told that we could leave. "Thomas Cook" was very pleased with us. He told us precisely how we were to drive in a car across the international bridge and how, after we had passed into the hands of the Spanish, officials would meet us and we were to take another taxi, to whose driver he recommended us, and go to Irun. We bade our "Thomas Cook" a very affectionate farewell and felt as though we were leaving, each of us, a strong right arm behind us.

When we had crossed the river we were held up by very ragged young Spanish soldiers. Two of them jumped on our running board and took us and our driver firmly in charge. Our driver and the two soldiers spoke only Spanish. One of the young soldiers wore a long ragged brown homespun cape which came to his heels, but he had a very intelligent, dark eye. I opened up my bag and spread all our papers out before him. He smiled and nodded and, reaching through the window, helped himself to whatever he felt was needed in the cause—passports, tickets, 'Ah, ze Clippaire' and various other documents, too numerous to mention even if I remembered them. He said something to the taxi driver who drove rapidly along a beautifully shaded street, lined on either side with trees which made an arch over our heads of their bare branches.

We drew up finally in front of a magnificent iron fence in which there was a wide gate. Our young soldier leaped off the running board and disappeared with all our documents, saying something in Spanish which I interpreted to be "Be calm and keep your hair on." Here we stopped and waited, and we waited some more. We waited an hour, speculating wildly on what might have become of our new guide and whether he really was a soldier, and whether he had gone off by himself to take the two seats on the Clipper for the United States. What he actually did, I will tell you next month.

(Continued from page 25)

the middle of March of that same year Thoburn, my oldest son, twenty-six, the one I counted on to help me run the business, died of infection. That was Tuesday and we planned to have the funeral Friday. . . .

"And that brings me up to the fire. It was soon after I got up, six weeks after Thoburn died, that I hired the man to clean the leaves up and he let the fire get out of hand and burn up the restaurant. I was done up completely. No insurance, my son dead, no money to begin over. The night after the fire I had to have the light burning. I could lie in bed and see the flames licking up the sides of the room like they did the building. I could not see them so plainly if the lights were on.

"For nine months I moped around, sick, nervous wreck, mourning the loss of my son and seeing no future. Then one day I went to Burlington and had dinner with my brother. We talked about old times on the farm and about my old Christian pioneer father and how he got along in spite of his troubles. I came back to Rutland that night and told my wife that I was going to start in the sausage making business early the next morning. I bought a second hand sausage grinder, ten pounds of good pork and went to work. My wife made bags out of old sugar sacks which would hold a pound of sausage. I ground the sausage, stuffed it in bags and set out to go and down the street to see who would buy it. Folks took to it and it wasn't long before I had a lot of regular customers.

"That was only the beginning of my come-back. I was bound to get back into the restaurant business right here where I was burned out. I came back to see that there was to begin with, and I thought of the grove where I served the ham bake. It was there still and I decided to cut down the best trees and get material for my new restaurant and home right where the old one was. I tried to make the trees for lumber, but the lumber men looked over the trees and told me they were too full of knots to cut and saw to workable wood, so I cut the logs myself and paid to have them sawed up for my buildings. Carpenters refused to work on the timber and told me the knots would fall out of the boards. I dried the boards in the sun for two years and kept making sausage. Finally I decided to build the buildings myself. I had been a polymaker in Bellows Falls and I figured that anyone who could work iron and steel could work wood. I got some tools and went to work. I picked out the boards with the worst knots in them and put them in the most prominent places. I finished the house and the restaurant throughout with these knotty boards. I thought it to be as tough as an old pine knot myself so I called the place "The Knotty Pine."

And now, after a summer's trade, since that opening day last May, we are on top of the world again. We had a good summer and I have a foundation ready for an enlarged eating room and kitchen. We are going to move everything right back to the new foundation as soon as the cinders come, day after tomorrow morning.

And now, after a summer's trade, since that opening day last May, we are on top of the world again. We had a good summer and I have a foundation ready for an enlarged eating room and kitchen. We are going to move everything right back to the new foundation as soon as the cinders come, day after tomorrow morning.

MAY 1940

25 Yards in this Skirt...



Yet—due to skillful designing — there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft folds...with more absorbent material where you need it...less in the non-effective portions of the pad...Kotex is less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad—to give extra protection!

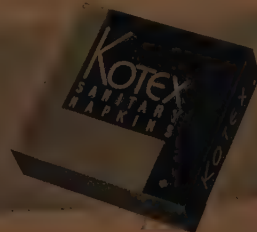
And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



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All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels." All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

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STAMPS . . . Discounts

By Winthrop Adams

THREE readers write us (Indiana,
Maine and Georgia) telling of sales
offered them at ninety per cent dis-
count on "perfect stamps." One asks
why we didn't discover this, and add it
to our list.

We know of several places in which you
can buy stamps at ninety per cent, and
they are good reliable dealers, too. But
we do not recommend buying at such a
discount, anywhere. When you get a
stamp as cheap as that, there is something
the matter with it; either it is torn, thin-
gummed, miles off-center or so hideously
over-cancelled that you can't read a word
of the stamp's lettering. It stands to rea-
son that such a stamp must be disposed
of at all costs, for whatever the dealer
can get.

Good stamps are exactly like good fur-
niture or food or shoes or clothes: you
get just what you pay for. Some dealers
overcharge mercilessly; hence a discount
of fifty to seventy-five per cent may pos-
sibly be offered for a good stamp by an-
other dealer who is content with a smaller
margin of profit on each stamp, provided
he can sell more at the lower rate. But
don't waste your money on the "ninety
per cent stuff; it is only filler for your
album, and its resale value is next to nil.

U. S.

May 6 will see a miniature sheet re-
producing Uncle Sam's first stamp, the
five-cent Benjamin Franklin of 1847. The
original was red-brown but the new com-
memorative will be, probably, in blue; it
is the President's idea, and he is said to
have insisted on such an issue over the
protests of philatelists. Personally, we
are sorry to see it issued in a souvenir
sheet; sheets are speculative at best, and
they don't sound much like regular post-
age to us. But if you go for them,
you'll want it.

Two new U. S. revenues are out: a \$4
yellow-brown and \$10 orange. It is pre-
dicted that twenty-one more values, from
\$1 to \$1,000, may be expected. Why?

On April 14, just as we go to press,
a three-cent stamp commemorating the
Pan-American Union will be issued. It
bears a reproduction of the famous
"Three Graces" from Botticelli's paint-
ing, "Spring." That Pan-American idea,
by the way, will give you a good special
page in your album, for besides the U. S.
Botticelli, these other Pan-American coun-
tries will also issue commemoratives: Ar-
gentine, Brazil, Dominican Republic, Ecua-
dor, Honduras, Panama, Paraguay, Salva-
dor, Venezuela, Chile, Costa Rica and
Cuba.

Pony Express

The New U. S. Pony Express stamp,
which made its bow on April 2, deserves

a paragraph by itself. You've heard the
furore raised about it: the horse's nos-
trils just don't belong to any self-respect-
ing horse, the rider is riding furiously with
his reins lying loose over the mount's
neck, and the saddle wasn't known to
horsemanship till years after the Pony
Express went out of business. It looks
like another "dud."

After the attractive Famous Americans,
this is a shame. Why can't we produce as
beautiful adhesives as Europe?

And while we're at it, why can't we
have stamps decently perforated, and not
crazily off-center? A few seconds more
in adjusting the sheets in the perforating
machines would take care of that. What's
the hurry? Collectors can wait another
day. . . .

Not strictly U. S., perhaps, is the new
Canal Zone issue: added to the 30c stamp
issue last July come 1c, 2c, 10c, 12c, 14c,
15c, 20c, and 50c values. They look
good.

Sea Floor Covers

Last month we reported on the "tin can
mail" of the little island of Niuafuou.
Along that line of sea covers is the Sea
Floor Covers of the Bahamas. The Ba-
hamas postal authorities declaration that
"under no circumstances can philatelic
covers be handled," will not stop you from
obtaining a cover from the only under-
water postoffice in the world, the one op-
erated by the Williamson-Bahamas Under-
sea Expedition, which reopens on May 6.
The expedition will operate its own office
in an iron chamber down on the bottom
of the sea. If you want a May 6 can-
cellation of this very unusual item, send
self-addressed envelopes with 25c cash or
money order to the Williamson Undersea
Expedition, Sea Floor Post Office, Nas-
sau, Bahama Islands, B. W. I.

Question Box

Q: Can you give me the address of
"Lynn's Weekly?" **Ans.:** G. Kussman,
Minn., writes to tell us this is not a Brit-
ish publication, as previously stated, but
American. He reports the address as
Lynn's Weekly Stamp News, published by
Linprint Inc., 531 N. Park Street, Colum-
bus, Ohio. Thanks a million, Mr. K.

Q: Are there special loose-leaf sheets
being issued for the Famous Americans
issue? **Ans.:** We've seen no loose-leaf
sheets, though there probably will be
some, later. But there are two attractive
little albums already on the market for
these stamps. Two firms are advertising
them; send request for these firms' names
with return envelope. Can't go com-
mercial in this column!

Q: I have difficulty placing some stamps
that do not bear names of country of is-
sue. Is there any book published on the
subject? **Ans.:** No book that we know of,
on that subject alone. But there is a stamp-
finder put out by a Maine philatelist.
Send stamped envelope for this one, too.

(Continued from page 24)

Now Mr. Lee is in the United States again, minus his queue, but with bundles of well-illustrated folders of the vision, or rather the burden, in his heart—to win China for Christ through the radio broadcasts. The station in Shanghai is merely a starter—he wants to erect one Christian station in each of China's eighteen vast provinces. (One of these, Szechuan, alone has sixty million inhabitants.) Of course we know that eighty per cent of China's vast population is illiterate—but there is no illiteracy through the ears. Ah, "face, face, my face!" Chinese are much afraid of losing face. But any one can hear the gospel in the privacy of his own home without any one watching. Radio messages can enter doors which, too often, are shut against preachers.

That is not the end of his radio tally, for there are more than 1,500,000 receiving sets in China. Crystal sets with ear-phones attached—Japanese-made—are selling very cheaply—as cheaply as forty cents each. Even the poorest farmer can hear Sam Lee now.

Mr. Lee is making his headquarters at 260 West 44th Street, New York City. And America is now not "more far" but "more near" by means of the radio. God will be brought "more near" to the Chinese, if only we can have those eighteen Christian radio stations. What a possibility! What an opportunity! What a thrilling vision to reach China's illiterate millions! "Where there is no vision the people perish."



THE CARPENTER

He had a way with wood,
The yokes he made were light,
The plows he made were good,
Their joints firm, their handles right.

He had a way with wood,
He touched a cross's ugly span,
Barren and bloodstained where it stood,
And built a bridge from God to man.

—Frank Cheavens



(Continued from page 31)

ing group and lively meetings. Of course, each chapter has its own officers: president, vice president, treasurer, and secretary. After they're elected you are ready to ask headquarters for a charter.

When you receive it, you "get into government" in dead earnest. You nominate candidates necessary to complete or fit into the pattern of your own state's government. However, if you're forming the first chapter in your state, you have to elect a whole set of officers and legislators by yourselves. As other chapters are organized in your state they join with you in duplicating the slate.

Junior Statesmen of America is non-sectarian and nonpartisan. It makes no profits. There are no dues. But as small amounts of money are needed for incidental expenses, they are raised by levying light taxes on members. In California this has run from twenty-five to fifty cents a year. Delegates to the national conventions pay their own expenses.

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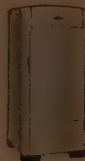
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Where

THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGES ARE APPEALING WITH INCREASING EFFECTIVENESS TO OUR YOUTH. THIS ARTICLE, THE FIRST OF THREE, TELLS WHY WE HAVE CHRISTIAN COLLEGES, AND WHY THEY ARE DIFFERENT

By William Lindsay Young

PRESIDENT PARK COLLEGE



"AFTER I finish high school, where shall I go to college?" Thousands of young people are asking themselves that question just now. Few questions need to be answered with more care. It is one of the tragedies of our American educational systems that in our state universities the study of the greatest personality of the ages, Jesus of Nazareth, cannot be included as necessary to a liberal education. Men may study bugs and beetles, but the mind that has given the world the loftiest thought of God and the most challenging ethic must be left out of the curriculum and be found only as an "extra-curricular" activity on the edge of the campus. The Christian college, on the other hand, is unique in that it is free to make intrinsic to its whole educational program the study of the Bible and the meaning of the Christian life.

There was a time in our country when the only institutions of higher learning were those definitely committed to the Christian ideal.

Back in those early days, if a young man or woman wanted to go to college, he or she had to go to one pledged to the task of advancing the interests of the Kingdom of God. But within the fairly recent past, historically speaking, the state has entered the field of higher education and many people are asking if there is any longer a need for the Christian college.

That is a legitimate and fair question. If the state university can accomplish the purposes for which the church-related college was founded, why not let the state take over the entire field? The question has been put in other forms: What does the Christian college hope to do which the state university cannot do just as well or better? What is there about a Christian college which makes it distinctly different from a state-controlled university?

The Christian college is not concerned with education in the conventional sense of the term. If the only interest of the Christian college is to help men and women to become lawyers, dentists, engineers,

chemists, physicians, school teachers, or even to prepare men for our theological seminaries, they had just as well close their doors. The state can now perform such a function without the aid of the church.

What, then, is the definite objective toward which the Christian college is striving?

Put in the most general and inclusive statement, we may say its major purpose is the same as that of the church—the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. The high purpose of the Christian college is nothing less than sending its graduates into the world with an understanding of and an enthusiasm for this hope for a Christian world order.

The realization of this hope calls for an institution which is free from the legal and political restrictions of a secular state. The requirements necessary for this task can be met only by a Christian college. It requires a freedom which no publicly-controlled institution in a democracy can possess. In the light of its definitely Christian purpose, the Christian college selects a personnel and shapes a program best suited to that purpose. It is not necessarily any disparagement of the faculties of other institutions of higher learning to say that the teachers and administrative staff of Christian colleges are selected on the basis of their Christian faith and life as well as their academic fitness. There are hosts of devout Christian men and women in the faculties of schools not definitely committed to the Christian ideal. The teacher in a state university may or may not be Christian, but no religious test is or can be placed upon an applicant of a tax-supported school. That he may be a Jew, Catholic, Protestant, atheist or agnostic in his private views is of no concern to the executive head of the state university.

In the Christian college, only men and women who are definitely Christian in their influence and convictions are permitted to have any part in its program. Its whole

Shall I Go TO COLLEGE

emphasis, both institutional and personal, finds its focus in the will of God for mankind.

The selection of a certain kind of people for the Christian college is not limited to the faculty. In general its aim is to admit to its campus only those students who are in sympathy with its Christian ideals and purposes. If the student is positively indifferent or opposed to the unique function of the Christian college he should not compromise himself or embarrass the school by seeking enrollment, for there are many other schools to which he can go. Obviously it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to maintain and develop a warm and inspiring Christian atmosphere in a college if the student body is made up of young people without Christian interests.

Most of the Christian colleges are small. Paradoxical as it may seem, the smaller the college the more students one comes to know. In a group of five hundred, the individual soon comes to know friends in a way apparently impossible on a campus with five thousand. We have come to see that college is not just a place to which one goes to get certain information presented in textbooks and lectures. It is a community in which one lives for the pur-

pose of developing a personality. What we are and what we may become is not so much the result of learning something in isolation, but rather the effect of the total environment of which we are a part. The Christian college aims at maintaining an ideal community in which one learns to live, through the process of living itself.

Still another distinguishing feature of the Christian college is the character of its program. Its curriculum is not just an imitation of the university on a reduced scale. The Department of Bible and Religious Education, daily chapel services, and other forms of Christian activity, are an integral part of the institution's life in a sense in which this cannot be true of any other kind of college or university.

In these three areas of educational theory and practice, the Christian college is distinctive: In its purpose, the establishment of the Kingdom of God on Earth; in its personnel, only Christian men and women on the faculty; in its program of study, which includes the Bible and meaning of the Christian faith for today.

(If you are interested in learning more about the Christian colleges in your vicinity, write College Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York.)



(Continued from page 34)

The ideologies of Europe, and the absolutism of that battle-torn continent, are alien alike to our spirit and soil. Name them as you choose, they have no part with us. They are black with intolerance, bitter with class hatred, and red-handed with the blood of the weak whose freedom became the cruel jest of stronger neighbors.

For us the alternatives are not cooperation or competition; rather, the American way is competition with cooperation. Competition has been in every area of human endeavor, in every period of our history and across all the frontiers of our rising young civilization, the incentive to achievement and the fountain source of character and greatness. Competition in the classroom and in the laboratory, on the farm and in the store, competition in politics—yes, and in religion—has been the genius of our progress, and is today the prophecy of yet greater things.

But this competition, though challenged by failure, hindered by human selfishness, and exploited by greedy ones, has been a cooperative system as broad as the American continent. Too many of us have allowed raucous voices to call us from the brave adventure or to silence the emotion of the faith within us. The American way is the difference between regimentation and free initiative. The American way is the difference between control by government and regulation by government—the difference between personal liberty destroyed and personal liberty maintained

and subordinated only to public welfare.

Some time ago, I attended a dinner at which a thousand men came together to honor a few more than one hundred chemists who are among that great company of twentieth-century pioneers who today penetrate the frontiers of test tubes and crucibles. Vastly reassuring it is to know that although there is no West for our children to win, there is an East with its rising sun of glorious quest and that these twentieth-century pioneers are bringing to the humblest the higher privileges of life.

Ours is the way of social responsibility; the acceptance by individuals and by their government of such responsibility. But this responsibility will be dissipated, its spirit betrayed and destroyed if it does not function with free decision. Forever ours is the way of sacrificial, achieving conflict. William James once asked a student the object of football. The student replied, "To carry the ball over the goal line." "No, no," was the answer, "the object is to carry the ball over the line against resistance and according to the rules."

Yes, that is the object—to carry the ball across according to the rules. And in that is the spirit of America: to win against resistance and according to the rules; to win in such fashion that our winning encourages and helps others to win. In that is the essence of cooperative competition. In that is the American way. And in that is the Christian ethic with its entrance into the more abundant life.

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(Continued from page 33)

audience back of him. He then went up and courageously grabbed the coon by the scruff of the neck and finally got him as far as my office.

Scarcely have I got rid of the raccoon and his ruffled chaperone when I am visited by a delegation from the Elephant House. Ever since the days of our Indian elephant I have felt a chill of apprehension whenever this particular group of keepers brings trouble to my door. This visit is no exception. As many New Yorkers may remember, Gunda was our first Indian elephant. We got him direct from Assam in 1904. For some years he was a model pachyderm, cheerful and obedient and seemed to enjoy his surroundings. Suddenly he was seized with a homicidal mania, whether it was purely a mental state, or whether some obscure elephant disease was torturing him within, we never found out. But there was no secret about his insane desire to kill men. After several dramatic encounters we decided that it wasn't safe to keep this elephant any longer. So we sent for Carl Akeley, the great African explorer, and he so skillfully sent a steel-jacketed bullet into the brain that the unfortunate beast died instantly.

However, on the morning of which I write the case proves less pressing. It appears that the elephants have made up their minds not to eat. Knowing the delicate sensibilities of these curious animals I at once decide that the trouble is as likely to be mental as physical. Accompanied by the complaints of the keepers I inspect the Elephant House to see if there is anything that could be depressing its inmates to the degree of making them lose their appetites. But I find the huge structure clean and well-lighted as usual, and the general atmosphere serene enough to please the most temperamental animal.

"Let me see the hay," I ask. Hay is the staple diet for all our elephants.

"A new batch just came in" is the grumbling reply. The speaker's tone means: "These blamed elephants are just too particular. They must have been spoiled before I came here!"

The fact that it is a new batch gives me my clue. I check and find that the brand is exactly the same as the last brand; and that to the eye the quality of the shipment is the same.

"We went to all the trouble of unloading it," continues the keeper, "and piling it up in the feed room. A whole half day's work."

"But it isn't the unloading and piling that gives food its flavor," I interject, as pleasantly as I can.

The keeper looks at me as if to say that a big lummoX like an elephant shouldn't care what his food tastes like.

As a matter of fact, I know that an elephant is very finicky; and that if the hay hasn't exactly the right shade of taste to the elephant's palate he won't touch it. Moreover, since one elephant represents a big bank item in our zoological assets we cannot afford to take any chances. I smell the new hay. By experience I know it is sweet and wholesome. But I at once detect a foreign odor in it which means that there has been harvested at the same time some weed the taste of which our elephants don't like. Many such weeds or grasses may grow along with the tim-

othy or clover in a meadow.

Naturally the feed company who supply us are indignant when they hear the elephants won't eat their hay. They are inclined to blame us for being weak and imposed upon by our dumb charges. But if they could only see the wicked glares we receive from the hippos as well as the elephants they would have had a change of heart. The upshot of the incident is that I personally get a truck and have all the hay taken to another part of the Park and fed to animals with less discriminating tastes. Another rush load is ordered for the elephants. By suppertime they are contentedly munching away, but they exchange knowing looks when I appear.

I have often thought that I should organize a riot squad among the keepers. Not for the public, for our human visitors are admirably well-behaved; but for some of our pugnacious inmates. Curiously enough, those animals which are intrinsically most dangerous, such as the lion and tiger, usually give us the least amount of trouble. There are two prime reasons for this. First, such beasts are particularly well caged and cannot ordinarily do any damage; second, I think they have sense enough not to stir up trouble on slight pretext since they realize it won't get them anywhere.

Take the elk as an example of the opposite kind of temperament. Elk are beautiful animals and seem gentle and kindly in captivity. Yet it was not out of the ordinary last year when our best male specimen began to treat his wife with vicious cruelty. He beat her and insulted her in every way at his command. With his splendid set of antlers there was always danger that he do her permanent damage. The Keeper had to watch the pair closely and several times we made up our minds to bring divorce proceedings in favor of Mrs. Elk. However, we hesitated because we wanted the family line to continue and because we knew that the male would soon shed his antlers, as all deer do periodically.

Sure enough, when nature removed the armament that gave Mr. Elk such an advantage over his spouse, he calmed down considerably. He still eyed his lady with uncooled rancor, but he made no attempt to bully her. Probably he knew that she was near enough his own weight and strength to give him a good tussle if he started anything. A few days later one of the Keepers rushed into my office with his face working and his arms waving. As this was a usual sight for me, and meant anything from a new baby in the hippopotamus family to a riot in the bear cage, I grabbed my hat and prepared to follow to the scene of trouble.

"She's killin' him! She's killin' him!" were the only words that I could distinguish among the Keeper's excited explanation.

Who "she" was I didn't know; but the fact that it was a "she" did lift my curiosity beyond my apprehension.

"She" turned out to be no other than the much-abused Mrs. Elk. When I reached the elk enclosure it was smoky with the dust that the pair were kicking up. The lady was getting her revenge at last. Mr. Elk was beating an ignominious retreat around and around his small front yard. Whenever Mrs. Elk overtook her mate she reared on her hind legs and beat

him unmercifully. Gene Tunney himself couldn't have shown a finer boxing form than she had. And so effective were her blows that we had quickly to rescue the humiliated Mr. Elk and put him in another enclosure to save his life!

We had just settled this domestic contretemps when we heard from the direction of the Monkey House, a clattering rumpus which at once suggested that several of our largest baboons had escaped from their cages and were settling old scores by throwing ash-cans at one another. It was incredible that such a racket could be made by anything less than several animals armed with something approaching a tin roof apiece.

Those of us who had been both divorce judge and jury for the Elk family scurried away in the direction from which the clattering came. As we arrived all was peaceful. The little fellows were chasing each other up over the swings and braces and others were sunning themselves or were busy "picking" one another. The clatter had absolutely ceased. We examined the enclosures carefully. Nothing seemed to be wrong. I went personally to look at Koko, our big orang-outan who is something of a clown. But he only blinked at me stupidly as he sat with his hands behind and under him. As I turned away from Koko the clatter suddenly rang in my ears with a loud fury that made me jump at least a foot in the air. It wouldn't have surprised me if the whole skylight had suddenly tumbled in and landed with a crash at my feet.

I whirled on Koko. "Did you do that?" I yelled at him. He still sat there staring and blinking. But I thought I detected a wicked gleam in his little black eyes. I stepped closer to the cage. Koko did not move. I peered first to one side of him and then to the other. As he was still sitting on his hands I suspected that he might be hiding something from me.

"What is it?" I shouted so suddenly that I startled him into jumping up and whisking on three limbs across the cage. Something clattered familiarly as he ran. It was a long strip of sheet metal which he grasped.

I then saw what had happened. Koko had managed to yank out of its holder the big metal label, fourteen by eighteen inches, which was fitted in the front of his cage. On it was written his description for the benefit of visitors. Perhaps this description displeased Koko, for he had banged the label back and forth across the steel bars until the words were literally hammered off. When I had rescued the label I sent it to the repair shop while I returned to my office to catch up with my morning mail. . . .

There are plenty of superstitious people left in this so-called material age and a goodly lot of their beliefs are tied up with animals. Such beliefs are inherited from our savage ancestors or have been originated through the white man's contact with Indians and other aborigines.

Many queries come to me for advice about unusual pets. It is really surprising how many people who have seafaring or much-traveled friends acquire a small menagerie of their own. A monkey and a parrot are a widespread combination. Even baby bears, wolves, wildcats and other undomestic creatures find their way

(Turn to page 65)



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Reluctant Star, by Margaret E. Sangster. (Macrae-Smith Co., \$2.00). Here is something typically Margaret E. Sangster. Her great army of devotees will march into the newsstands to secure it. The heroine faces her situation fearlessly if not recklessly. She found both adventure and romance, and crossed the frontiers of heart's desire.

American Faith, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. (W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.75). A tremendously significant and timely book. Not to be agreed with, perhaps, in all its parts and conclusions by any intelligent reader, but impossible to be disregarded by such a reader in any one of its parts or conclusions. Here is an absorbing history of the religious, political and economic foundations of America.

Saints and Sinners, by Charles J. Dutton. (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$3.00). If one may judge from the book, here is the readable, often generous story of a frustrated life. One gets the impression that the author does not believe anything "hard enough;" but he certainly has a challenging pen. His indictments of churches, theological seminaries and the Young Men's Christian Association are far too general for his particulars, but they make wholesome reading for those who would avoid the pitfalls. As a preacher, I decisively disagree with the author: I won-

der why he so long delayed his resignation as a preacher. But it is good for me to read his book.

Finland Fights, by H. B. Elliston. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75). Here is a tale of how Stalin guessed wrong and of Finland's will to fight. It is a flaming volume, lighted by the red-fires of war.

The Economic Basis of Peace, by Ernest Minor Patterson. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50). Mr. Patterson has in this volume gone a long way toward stating and clarifying the issues involved in the present world crisis. He advocates no one formula. He believes that several approaches must be made to the whole problem and that at last the world must be dealt with as a world and not in its national divisions. This is a layman's volume, though the experts and specialists will do well to read it.

I Have Seen God Do It, by Sherwood Eddy. (Harper & Brothers, \$2.00). Sherwood Eddy has seen God work in America, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, Russia, China, India and, indeed, throughout the world. He has helped Him work! With tireless enthusiasm and unafraid of revolutionary change in his own thinking and basic attitudes, he has been for half a century about the business of setting-up God's kingdom in the earth. Intellectually he may not be always a safe guide, but he is nevertheless a heroic leader. He is vulnerable to the charge of learning new duties from new occasions, but what is unChristian or undemocratic about that?

Heil Hunger!, by Martin Gumpert. (Longmans, Green & Company, \$1.75). This is the dispassionate statement of the physical state of the German people under the Third Reich. The following sentence is significant: "It is doubtful if her people, from a physical standpoint, can endure much more privation." Dr. Gumpert's sources are exclusively Nazi, taken from technical German magazines.

The Amazing Story of Repeal, by Fletcher Dobyns. (Willett, Clark & Company). "Amazing" is a mild word—the revelations are startling and little short of terrifying to those who value the integrity of American democracy. The volume is encyclopedic. It gives the details to all their sordid depths of the repeal movement, with a summary of the present staggering liquor problem which repeal has created. In its field, here is the most comprehensive volume yet written. With some of the appraisals and judgments of the author we disagree, disagree decisively; particularly he is not fair to President Hoover.

into private families.

"What shall I do about my poor little monkey which is paralyzed?" is a very common plaint.

In such a case I am sorrier for the pet than I am for the owner. For it shows a pitifully ignorant love for the animal, a love that has over-run into improper diet and living conditions. Lack of sunshine and bone-nourishing food is usually the cause of the trouble.

"My bear is disturbing the whole neighbourhood every night," complains another owner. "What shall I do with it?"

Investigation shows that the animal came into the family as a cub. While it was a little fellow it was brought into the house every night and fondled like a child. But when, to the dismay of the family, the pet grew out of all proportions to a civilized living room it had to be kept in the back yard. Naturally, when the bear missed its cuddling it began to complain, querulously at first, and then with deep-throated bawling that was finally brought to the attention of the police.

Our duty is to intervene as far as we can, both with advice and with help. We point out that what at first may be just a nuisance may easily become a peril. A monkey reared to maturity, which is rare by the way, becomes jealous and dangerous, considering a neighbour's handshake a signal to attack. A leopard that was a cute ball of soft fur at the age of few months, grows both powerful and treacherous in the passage of a year.

Part of my routine work is extracting the poison from snakes. One day I work with rattlers, on another with copperheads. The idea is to provide venom for assistance in the preparation of snake-bite serum.

All you have to do, to succeed in this ticklish job, is to press the snake's head down with a notched stick, and then grasp him firmly by the neck. The head keeper prepares a glass tumbler with a parchment tied over its top. You apply the serpent's jaws to the parchment; he bites, sending his fangs through, and several drops of amber poison fall into the glass.

Right in the middle of the poison job the telephone rings and word comes that a new bear has arrived. This may sound simple and indicate nothing more than turning the newcomer into one of the dens. But the transfer of a bear is fraught with serious consequences unless the greatest care is taken. It has been my privilege to invent a special apparatus for safely doing the job. . . .

At this moment comes suddenly the familiar jangle of the telephone and my secretary presently turns to me with the old story that only I can satisfy the person at the other end.

"Another cross-word puzzle?" I ask with a wry smile.

The secretary shakes her head. "No, I wish it were," she says. "It's a family over in Washington Heights who opened a bunch of bananas in the house and a big tarantula jumped out. They've pretty nearly torn the apartment to pieces trying to find it. They want you to come right over and tell them what to do next!"

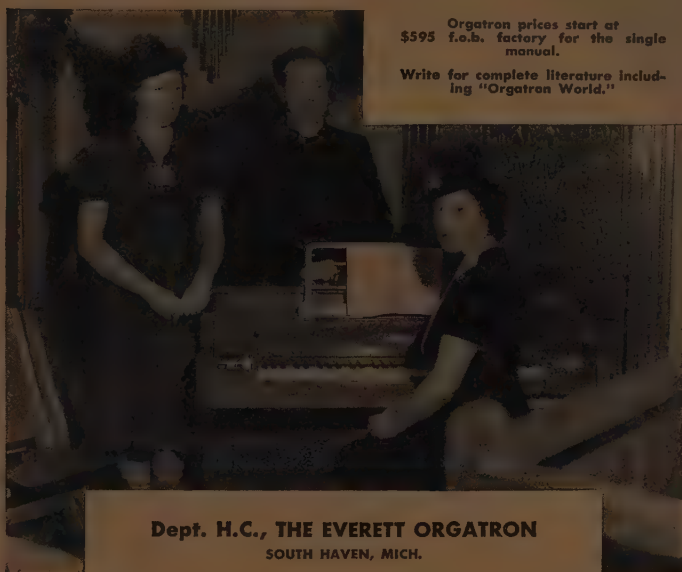
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(Continued from page 44)

toned it had he been making a speech to an audience before him. This likewise would be a good opening for every class session about to consider this lesson. To understand the meaning of the verses one must get the feel of the situation.

The denunciation of the prophets. In the chapters preceding 23 are listed some definite prophecies concerning the successive kings of Judah. In chapter 23 we have a strong condemnation of another class that afflicted the nation,—the so-called religious leaders who claimed to have messages from Jehovah, but were self-inspired and, therefore, false prophets. Jeremiah's language (9-15) describes the state of disgrace which had been growing for a long time.

Why were these prophets false? Because they were not called and sent by Jehovah, even though they claimed that they were. If they had been really Jehovah's messengers, their fruits would have been different. God is not only near at hand, dealing with local issues. He also takes the far view, the complete view. He is omnipresent, and sees through the deceptive aims of these prophets.

What methods did false prophets use?

1. They claimed to have inspiration from dreams. Their favorite expression to their neighbors was, "I have dreamed, I have dreamed." This gave them ready hearing, for many people think dreams are messages from God.

More dreams and the truth of God are very unlike and must be held apart. "God's word is food for those who will take it; the word of the false prophets only chaff fit for burning."

2. They stole the message of the true prophets, gave it their own interpretation, and the stamp of being genuine by saying, "He saith."

Do similar conditions prevail today?

The value of this lesson comes in its application to conditions in 1940 and in the communities where we live. Are false prophets abroad today? If so, do they use the same methods as did those of centuries ago?

Whenever one arises who claims to have exclusive access to God or to have clear and new knowledge by a dream or to approach to any interpretation of Scripture which excludes contrary opinions of equally able persons ("I am right; you are all wrong"), it is time to raise the question of the genuineness or falsity of these claims.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is the word of God subject to changing interpretations from year to year or from period to period?
2. What tests are to be put to the Christian message wherever proclaimed?
3. Why do Protestant Christians prove easy prey to false interpretations of religion?

MAY 26

Jeremiah Announces the New Covenant

Jeremiah 31 / (Printed lesson, Jer. 31:31-37)

SINCE the seven verses of this lesson "form the crown of Jeremiah's teach-

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ing, and indeed of the whole of the Old Testament . . . because they are a summing up of all the aspirations of the whole human race," (Binns, *Book of Jeremiah*) any student of the Bible must be adequately familiar with their teaching.

As a teaching and study outline, the following questions are proposed: (1) Why a new covenant? (2) What was the basis of the old covenant? (3) How was the new covenant different? (4) How does the new covenant affect our present relationship to God?

1. *Why a new covenant?* God had revealed Himself to the patriarchs of old, and at Sinai had established a covenant by which He proposed to raise a mighty nation which should make known His will among men. The law which was given under Moses was to be the means of training a people. They were to find God as they carefully kept the detailed and formal commands regarding daily conduct, relations with each other, and worship of Jehovah. But, after all, it was a national covenant. Jeremiah was the first to have that higher conception of religion which demanded a spiritual relation between God and man that would be on a personal basis. In this sense it was new.

2. *How was the new covenant different?* The verses of our lesson, declare that the new covenant was to be of a spiritual, personal character. The individual heart was now to be reached. The law was not now to be on tables of stone, but God was to put it in the inward parts of the people, to write it in their hearts. They were to be holy not by the observance of legal ordinances, but by the heart's choice of the way of righteousness. Men would render willing service according to their inward motives, and based on their love toward God and man. "The notable thing about the passage is the fact that there is in it, not the promise of a new law—such a promise would have been no novelty—but that men are to receive power to keep the provisions of the law inasmuch as it will be written in their hearts. It is the glorious claim of the gospel that in Jesus Christ this promise is fulfilled."

3. *How does the new covenant affect our present relationship to God?* Jeremiah was much in advance of his time. The nation was not ready for such a relationship. After the exile there was still the effort to get to God by the keeping of the law. But when Jesus Christ came, the covenant referred to by Jeremiah had its chance. Then, indeed, through the saving work of Christ, man was brought to direct relationship with the Divine.

We call it now the *New Testament*, or the *Covenant of Grace*. We think of it as based on Christ, our Saviour. Men still are tempted to use formalities in prayer, sacrifice, regalia, symbolism, as a substitute for direct approach. But the Christian gospel demands a clean heart, an enlightened mind, and a kindly spirit.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why was the covenant of the law necessary in advance of the covenant of grace?
2. Does the Christian church of our day too much emphasize formality as the means of approach to God?
3. How true is it that God's word is written in men's hearts?

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(Continued from page 19)

up on large quantities of silence, not on long sermons. If I were back again, once a month or oftener I would have nothing but music Sunday morning. No sermon. Fill the galleries with the Sunday School and teach them to sing the great Oratorios and the Hallelujah Chorus. And I would have much practising of singing hymns, because the American congregations of churches do not know how to sing the hymns.

Then once a month I would have a prayer meeting. No sermon. Great quantities of silent prayer. Hymns sung without the organ. More silence. I am persuaded that if a prayer service were held in every church in America on Sunday morning once a month we would be living in the midst of the greatest revival since the Day of Pentecost. And I believe the people in all the churches of every denomination are hungry for this sort of service, and tired of preaching—but the average minister has not found it out.

I would also have weekly block prayer meetings. I would ask some real church member to request every one living in the same block with him to invite to a week-night meeting in his own house a gathering of all the neighbors in that block to have prayer together.

I did try that plan one winter, and the only trouble we had was to find room in the house for all the people in the block who wanted to come. It was not a proselyting attempt to make Congregationalists out of other church members but simply a neighborhood gathering of folks who believed in prayer and wanted to get together. (How about it? There is no trouble about getting a crowd together to play bridge. Is bridge helping to make a better world than prayer? Fair question.)

If I were back again I would often spend a whole week writing love letters to the men of my congregation telling them how much I thought of them and how much I missed them last Sunday. Following the week of these love letters all the men written to would be at church on Sunday if they had not broken their necks in some automobile crash. And in addition, at the end of the week's letter writing I would have a sermon. I think, worth while.

If I were back again I would live a great deal with my young people and play with them, and once in a while, if the people would permit me, I would like to board for a week at a time with the families in order to get better acquainted.

So, if I were back again, I would like to try a number of things I never tried for fifty years; and I hope if the trustees and people did not ask me to resign I would at least try to impress on them that the main thing in life is to love God and the "nigh boor," as the old English word defined the farmer. And if I neglected to emphasize the possibility of the brotherhood of man, I would want the people to ask me to quit. In any case if I were back again I hope I would realize the fact that the minister, of all men, touches life at more points than any other man, and while more is expected of him than of any other man, I hope that would not take away from me my joy of life and of the choice I made of my own calling.

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(Continued from page 46)

SATURDAY, MAY 25

"AS WE HAVE OPPORTUNITY."
READ II KINGS 4:8-13.

THE prophet Elisha found two unexpected friends. They were a Shunammite woman and her husband. Seeing this man of God frequently passing by, they prepared a chamber which he might call his own. This idea probably inspired S. W. Foss's poem, for he says: "Let me live by the side of the road, and be a friend to man." Share the blessings you have.

For the heart responsive to Thy Holy Spirit, for sympathy for the needy, hear us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

SUNDAY, MAY 26

"THEY HAD BEEN WITH JESUS."
READ ACTS 4:1-13.

A MINISTER has recently been honored by the *Christian Herald* for his forty years' work. Yet we are all bearing witness by our lives. Francis of Assisi once said to a young monk, "Brother, let us go into the town and preach Christ." They moved through the crowded streets. Francis paused to speak to some folk he met or to lay his hand on children's heads. And so on, until evening. "Father, when shall we preach?" inquired the young man. "My son," came the reply, "What have we been doing all day but preaching?"

Thou hast committed to us the sacred duty of making Thee known. Help us to witness to Thy love.

MONDAY, MAY 27

"HIS SALVATION IS NIGH"
READ PSALM 85.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL'S story never grows old. Ali Hafed, seeking diamonds of great size, disposed of his farm. He journeyed from one country to another, but in vain. Meanwhile, the man who had bought the farm, one day took his camel to the stream. He picked up a large, translucent stone from the bed, and taking it home, laid it on his mantel shelf. There a learned man saw it, and pronounced it a diamond. Are we seeking deliverance from sin, guidance, strength for our tasks? They are within reach of prayer's hand.

Dear Lord, pardon our unbelief and blindness of heart. Give us faith to see and take the blessings Thy love proffers.

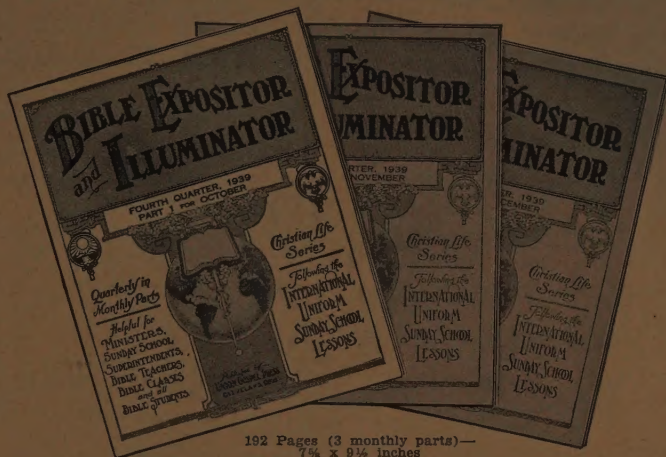
TUESDAY, MAY 28

"I GLORY IN MY INFIRMITIES."
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:7-10.

HOW do we force life's troubles? After Dr. George Matheson had lost his sight, after he had penned "O Love that wilt not let me go," he wrote: "My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorns; I have thanked Thee a thousand (Turn to page 71)

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard

Mr. Fulmer's Record Smashed

Denver, Colorado

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

I am thirty-six, and have read the Bible thirty-one times.

Ruth Clark

Ansonia, Ohio

Dear Editor:

On February 19, 1940, I finished reading the entire Bible through for the forty-seventh time.

Hugh A. Smith

Farmington, Maine

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the entire Bible for the sixtieth time.

Kent R. Rackliffe

Just beginners, evidently—Ed.

Seventy-Seven!

Franklin, Tenn.

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

In your department of the March *Christian Herald*, under the heading, "Can you excel this record," I find: "Mr. Lloyd E. Fulmer, of La Farge, Wisc. writes that he read the complete Bible through three times in 1939, and has read it thirty-five times in all. Any one wish to dispute Mr. Fulmer's claim to the championship?"

Well, I am now reading the Bible consecutively the 77th time, three chapters per day, and five on Sunday.

I have taught in the S. S. and have been a Methodist preacher for 64 years and the 4th inst. was 92½ years young and as mentally alert as at any time in life.

I have attended S. S. for about 88 years.

S. W. Bransford

Mesa, Ariz.

Dear Editor:

In the latest *Christian Herald*, on page 70, there is an item entitled, "Can you excel this record?"

Perhaps my record won't, but I hope you won't think I'm lying or boasting when I write it.

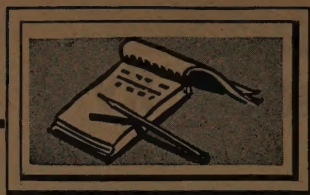
In March 1934, I decided to read the Four Gospels daily in a systematic way—from beginning to end—and this I've done—reading them consecutively for the forty-eighth time last month.

During 1939 I also read the remainder of The New Testament twice and the entire Old Testament once. I also decided to read consecutively the entire Bible in March 1934, but have only accomplished that wonderful feat three times; finished third time Dec. 1939.

My friends wonder that I can keep interested, but it just grows more vitally alive with each new reading—more precious and beloved.

Mrs. Jessie Wriedt

"It grows more vitally alive with each new reading." Let's ask Mr. Bransford if he can say that, after reading it seventy-seven times.



Do You Agree With This?

Fleming, Colo.

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

I have been wondering why *Christian Herald* doesn't print a series of stories about your contributors. You printed such a series several years ago about a few of them, but you have lots of new subscribers since then that would delight in recent pictures and stories about their choice writers.

I don't mean just a 2 x 3 piece; I mean real stories about them as people, not just contributors.

Bonnie Lee Morris

We can't quite determine whether it is modesty as to their importance or egotism regarding their literary ability—but most of our authors feel that our readers are more interested in the people and things the authors write about than in the authors themselves.

Loyal Stamp Fan

Indianapolis, Ind.

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

One of the most interesting departments is your Stamp Page by Winthrop Adams. I am a member of your Stamp Club. Please be sure to continue this department for that is one reason I am subscribing to *Christian Herald* for two years.

Beatrice M. Galloway

One of the peculiarities of this stamp department is the enthusiasm of the relatively small number who follow it. It receives more fan mail than any other department in *Christian Herald*.

A Cheering Letter

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Editor:

Seeing in the March number of your magazine some adverse criticisms of it, I am impelled to write to you in appreciation of it. I am a comparatively new subscriber, and had not known *Christian Herald* before. Upon receiving the first number of it, I was very much pleased with it; and had had no cause to change my opinion. I should regret to have to do without it.

I like its articles, its stories, and its sane Christian attitude toward many questions.

Elizabeth M. Clapham

With a bow to our long-time subscribers who are the bone and sinews of our structure, we must acknowledge that new readers are our life blood. It is good to hear from them as well as the old timers.

Japan Is Heard From

Sacramento, Calif.

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

I will never read again your Herald. Because your editor don't understand "communism." Japan is not fighting for the territorial ambition in China. She is fighting against the Communism prevailed all over China. The editor who is writing foreign affairs has no insight so far as the oriental problem is concerned. He must see Japan without any racial prejudice.

K. Sato

Our sympathies go out to the people of Japanese descent who very naturally feel a loyalty to their native land. We cannot help asking this gentleman, however, if Japan wants to fight Communism why doesn't she fight the Communists?

From the "Peanut Doll" Girl

11 Short St., Bradford, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Since you printed my letter and the picture of my Peanut dolls in *Christian Herald*, I have been receiving from two to eleven letters a day. I have enjoyed each one so much, but I haven't been able to answer them because my eyes are so bad that Mother has to read them to me. If you would please print this letter to thank every one who wrote me, I would appreciate it so much. . . .

I am not well enough to go places, so the mail I receive is the most enjoyment I get. Mother and I live all alone, as my father is dead.

Please print this, and let my friends know the reason I have not answered their letters.

Sincerely,
Daisy Welch

We are sure all our readers join the Editors in extending sympathy and best wishes to this brave little shut-in.

Radio Dramas

Helena, Arkansas

Editor, Christian Herald,

Dear sir:

Please send me a list of the religious radio plays which you have available.

We used "The Christ" in a simulated broadcast at the Easter Sunday School service of the local Presbyterian Church, and it was very well received.

A Memphis broadcasting station has expressed an interest in giving us a spot on their schedule later on in the summer when there is more unused time available, so we would like to have this list of plays on hand in the meantime.

Frank D. Allen

These radio dramas are proving very successful. Interested readers should send a stamped addressed return envelope for a synopsis of all dramas on hand.

Wins the Dollar

Ted Kandle, the Bucknell Senior whose letter we printed in the April issue, has been awarded the dollar prize for the best letter sent in by a Bucknell student.

(Continued from page 69)

times for my roses, but not once for my thorns. Teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn."

Help us, O victorious Christ, to endure as seeing Thee who art invisible.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29

"TREASURE HID IN A FIELD."
READ MATTHEW 13:44-52.

A YOUTH in New England made a discovery. As a boy, he had often driven along the narrow road which lay through the valley. In the center, was a boulder around which the cart had always to go. No one thought of moving the obstruction. But after some years, the youth determined that he would see what could be done. He went out with his team, forced a crowbar under the boulder, and then hitched his horses to a rope. The boulder was uprooted. And underneath lay a mass of golden coins.

When we try to render some service for the common good, Christ's enrichment is ours.

O Thou who has taught us to bless others, inspire us by the thought that every service brings its own reward.

THURSDAY, MAY 30

"THEY SANG A NEW SONG."
READ REVELATION 5:9-14.

"OH, MAY I join the choir invisible of those immortal dead, who live again in minds made better by their presence." So sings George Eliot. And her meaning, although somewhat vague, yet suggests this illuminating thought: We all live again in other lives. And what is more, such lives may be made better by the example and influence of ours. We recall with gratitude some who have loved us. Their patience with our stubbornness, their faith in us, despite our many shortcomings, and their hopes for us, were a constant inspiration.

Blessed be Thy name for those who have aided us along the way of discipleship. Amen.

FRIDAY, MAY 31

"YE ARE MY FRIEND."
READ JOHN 15:11-16.

WHAT an honor! We pride ourselves on our friends. To be able to claim intimacy with some distinguished person gives us an air of superiority. It is not that we boast about calling our senator or congressman by his first name; or that we knew the successful merchant when he was in only a small way. It is rather that they and we have something in common, providing a basis for friendship. But perhaps they really chose us because they found something of worth in us. So Christ, the Son of God, has called us by that gracious term, friends.

Because Thou, O Christ, have thus honored us, help us to prove ever worthy of Thy confidence.

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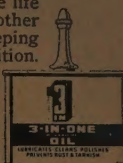
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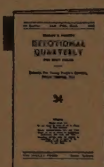


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CONTENTS

THE BEST IN RADIO.....	2
<i>Aileen Soares</i>	
OUT OF MY MAIL.....	4
<i>Daniel A. Poling</i>	
NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH.....	6
<i>Gabriel Courier</i>	
FRONTISPIECE—MOTHER.....	12
<i>Edgar Daniel Kramer</i>	
SPEAKING AS AN AMERICAN.....	13
<i>Pearl S. Buck</i>	
DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN.....	16
<i>Howard Rushmore</i>	
IF I WERE BACK AGAIN.....	19
<i>Charles M. Sheldon</i>	
DAY TO KEEP—A STORY.....	20
<i>Loula Grace Erdman</i>	
THE VOICE OF HAPPINESS.....	22
<i>Frank S. Mead</i>	
TOUGH AS A PINE KNOT.....	25
<i>C. M. McConnell</i>	
FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER.....	26
<i>George B. Gilbert</i>	
LET'S MAKE POLITICS NOBLE.....	29
<i>Ray Giles</i>	
WHAT IS A SKINK.....	32
<i>Raymond L. Ditmars</i>	
EDITORIAL FORUM.....	34
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.....	35
<i>Honoté Morrow</i>	
DAILY MEDITATIONS.....	36
<i>J. W. G. Ward</i>	
THRIFT—A SERMON.....	38
<i>Raymond M. Veh</i>	
CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU.....	40
<i>Clementine Paddleford</i>	
MODERN DRESSMAKING.....	42
<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MAY.....	44
<i>Stanley B. Vandersall</i>	
FROM A GARDEN NOTEBOOK.....	54
<i>Donald H. Kingery</i>	
STAMPS.....	58
<i>Winthrop Adams</i>	
WHICH COLLEGE SHALL I ATTEND.....	60
NEW BOOKS TO READ.....	64
<i>Daniel A. Poling</i>	
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.....	70
<i>Paul Maynard</i>	
AFTER ALL.....	72

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NEXT MONTH

Who Will Be Our Next President?

Thumb Nail sketches of the leading candidates of the prominent political parties.

Ten Rules for Father

by Dr. Frank Howard Richardson

Democracy's Children—Part II

by Howard Rushmore

Evangeline Booth

by P. W. Wilson

And the usual features.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



A Good Shot

Pat watched the professor staring up at the sky through the long, shiny black telescope.

Presently a star fell.
"Shure, and the man's a good shot," said Pat.

—Lookout.

Free Translation

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly. The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."

—Exchange.

Permanent Address

Ephraim—"Did you know dat Jonah was three days in de stomach of a whale?"

Rastus—"Dat ain't much. Mah uncle was longer dan dat in de stomach of a alligator."

Ephraim—"Yo' don't say! How long?"

Rastus—"He's dere yit."

—Selected.

From England

With a grinding of brakes, the officer pulled up his car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field: "I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, trying to hide his sling shot. "I've been only shooting at a bottle."

—Kentish Mercury.

Just Makebelieve

Tommy had been playing with his sister in the garden, and their screams had attracted their mother.

"What are you children doing?" she asked.

"We're playing Indian, Mummy," replied Tommy, "and I'm scalping Mary."

"You're doing what?"

"Oh, not really scalping her—just cutting off her hair with the shears."

—Exchange.

He Fixed Him

Two trucks met on a country road just wide enough for one. Truck Driver No. 1, a scrawny, frail little man, leaned out of his cab.

"Turn out, you," he shouted. "If ya don't, I'll do to you what I did to the last guy who wouldn't turn out for me."

Two-hundred-pound muscular Driver No. 2, not caring to have trouble, pulled out. But as the other truck rumbled by, he yelled:

"What'd ya do to that other guy?"

"Turned out for him," said No. 1.

—Lookout.

Didn't Need Stuffing

Mrs. Newed entered the dining room and proudly placed the turkey on the table. "There you are, dear, my first Thanksgiving turkey," she exclaimed.

Mr. Newed gazed with admiration. "Wonderful, darling," he said. "How beautifully you have stuffed it!"

"Stuffed?" she echoed. "But, my dear, this one wasn't hollow!"

—Exchange.

Editing the Menu

Betty was looking very discontented when her friend Joan encountered her in the morning.

"What's the matter?" the latter asked.

"You know I was going out with an editor last night?" snapped Betty. "Well, never again!"

"Why?" inquired Joan.

"At dinner he put a blue pencil through half my order."

—Indianapolis News.

The Longest

In a London club three men were discussing names.

"Mine," said the first man, "is Edward Henry Patrick Richard Fortescue. I'm sure none of you chaps can beat that for length."

"I can," retorted the second. "My name is James Clifford Percival Ronald Albert Michael Marshall."

"I beat you both," murmured the third, an American.

"Eh?" they exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Miles Long."

—Exchange.

Not Interested

A minister advertised for a manservant and the next morning a nicely dressed young man rang the bell.

"Can you start a fire in the morning and get breakfast by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.

"I guess so," answered the young man.

"Well, can you polish all the silver, wash the dishes, and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, Parson," said the young fellow. "I came here to see about getting married—but if it's going to be as much work as that, count me out, now."

—Contributed.